A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC FOR THE PEOPLE OF POWER!

SMASH!

No. 111
16th MARCH 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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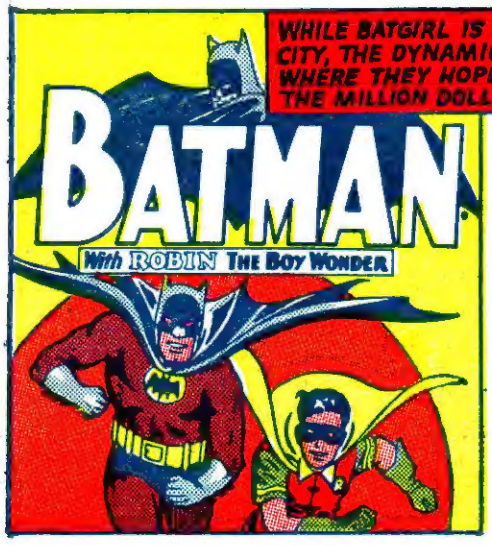

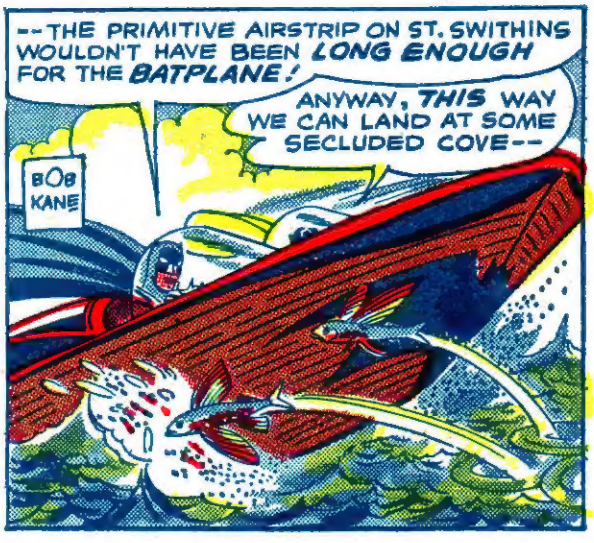

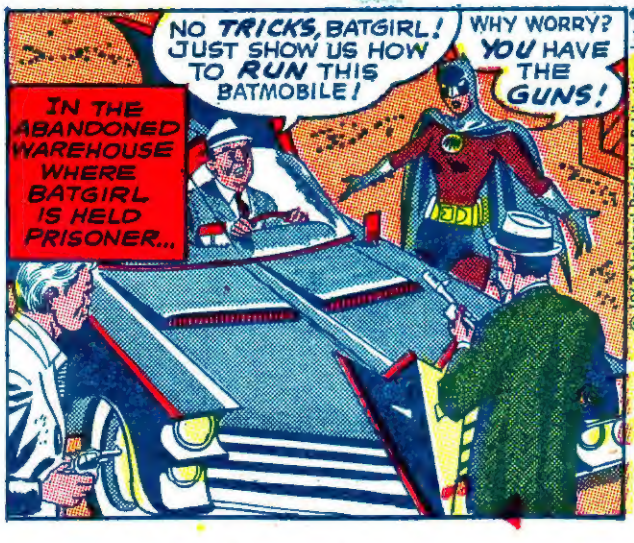

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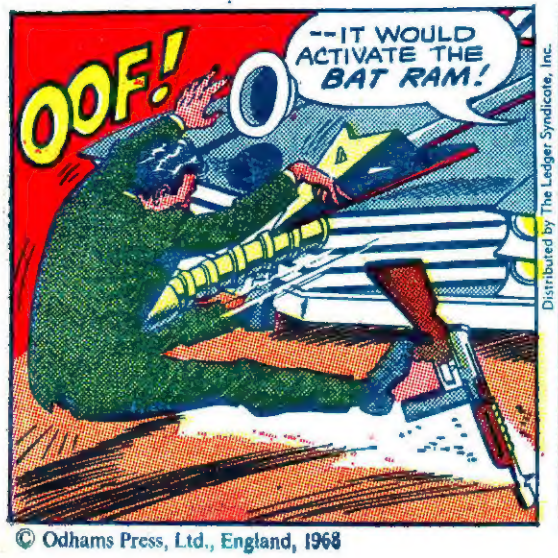

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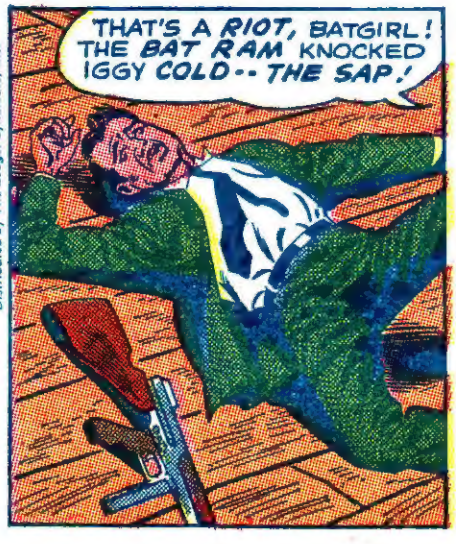

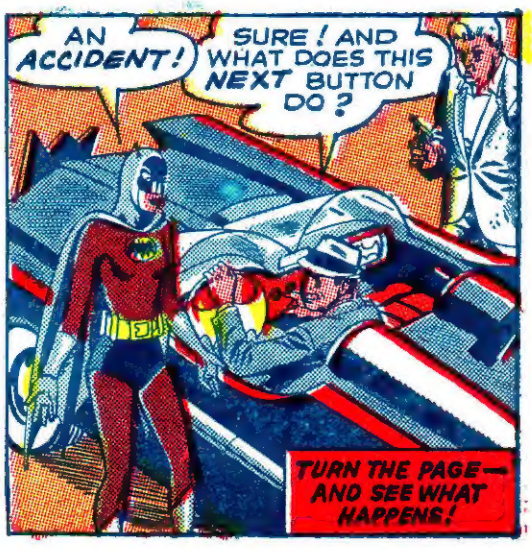

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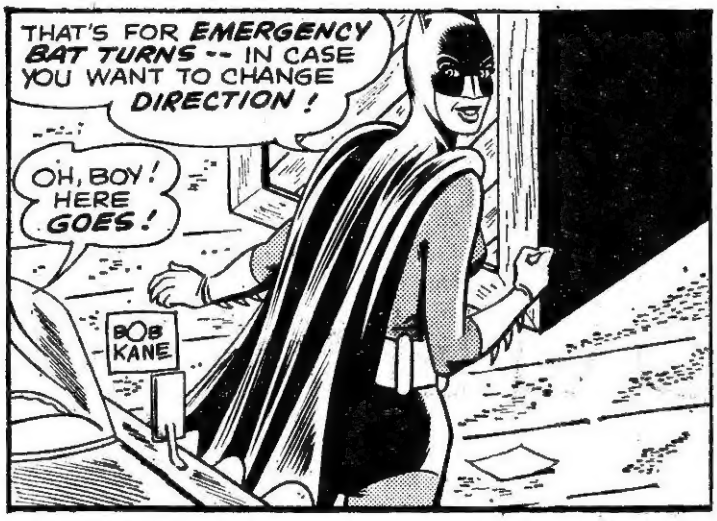

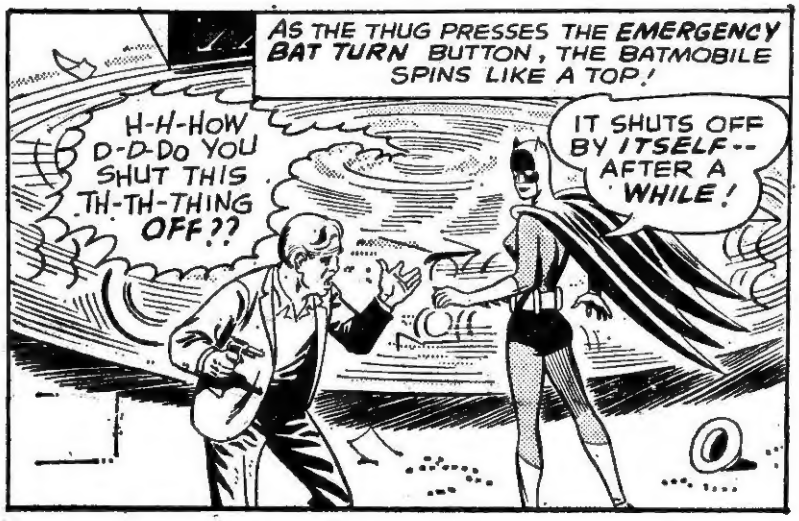

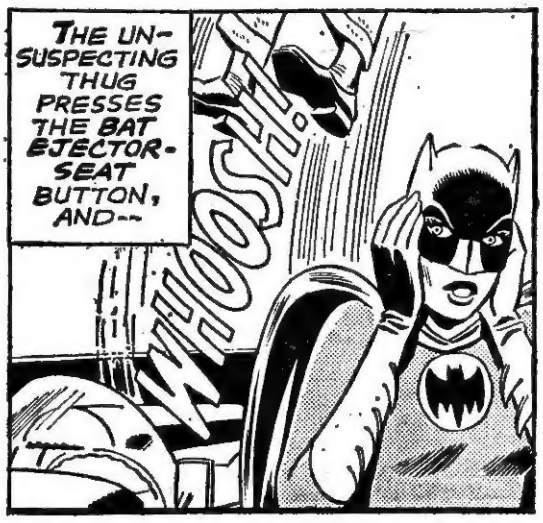

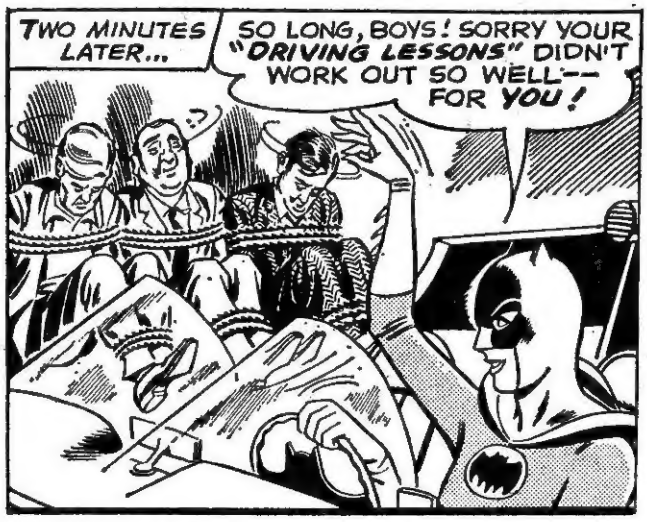

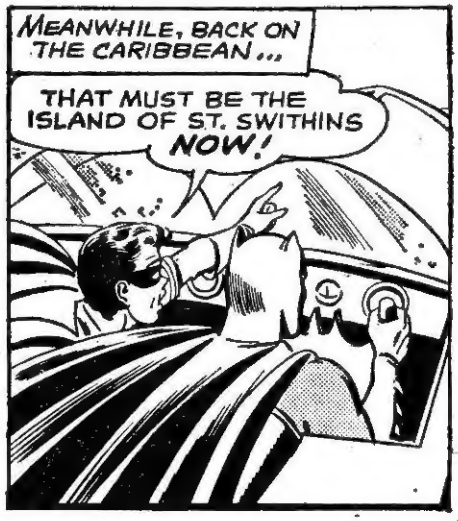

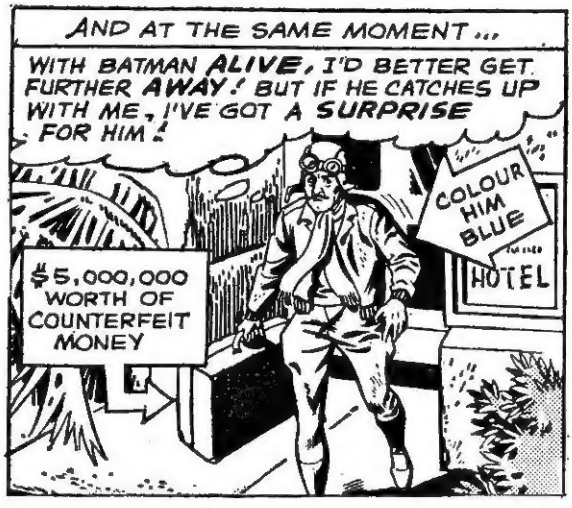

BATGIRL SEEMS TO HAVE EVERYTHING NEATLY TIED UP — BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN STILL HAVE ONE OR TWO KNOTTY PROBLEMS TO WORK OUT — BLUE MAX FOR ONE!

SO STRING ALONG WITH US NEXT WEEK, FANS!

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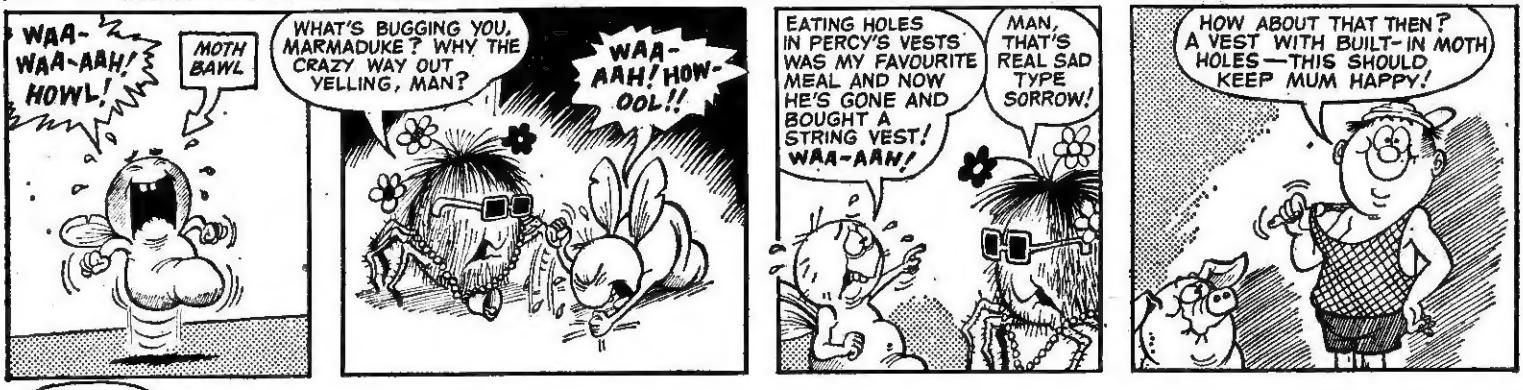
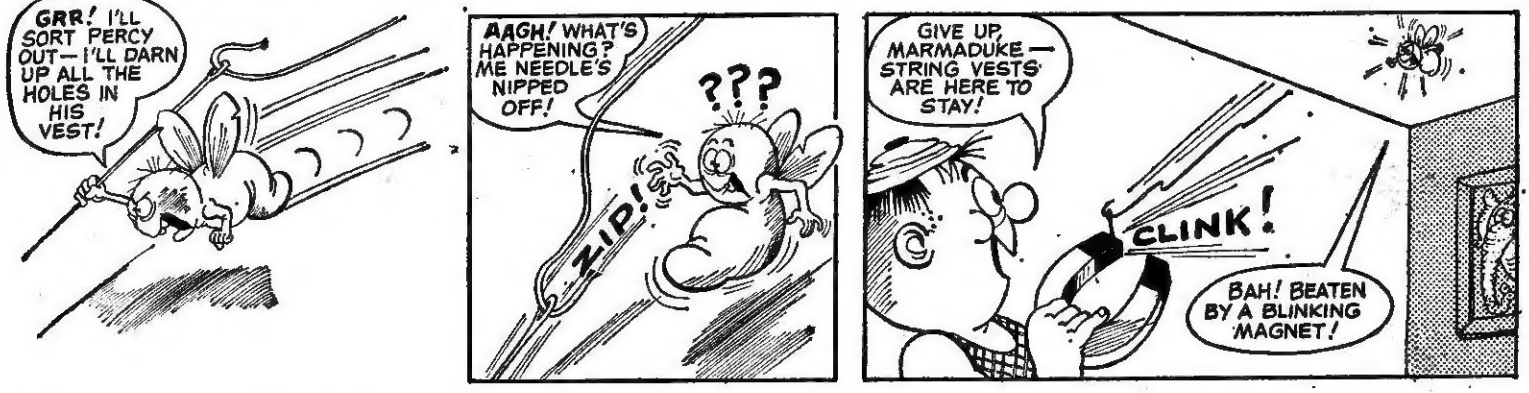
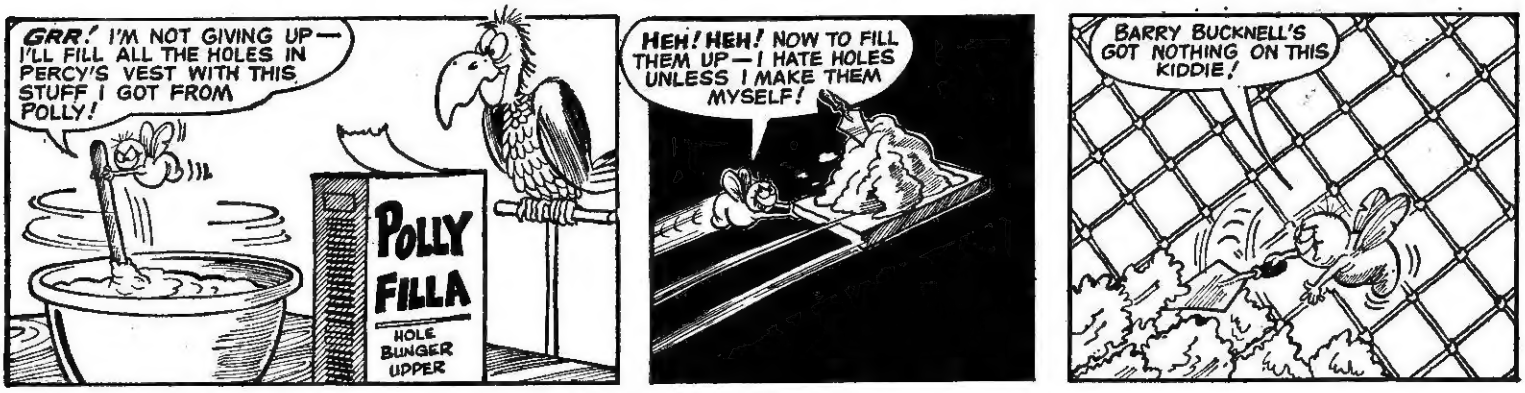
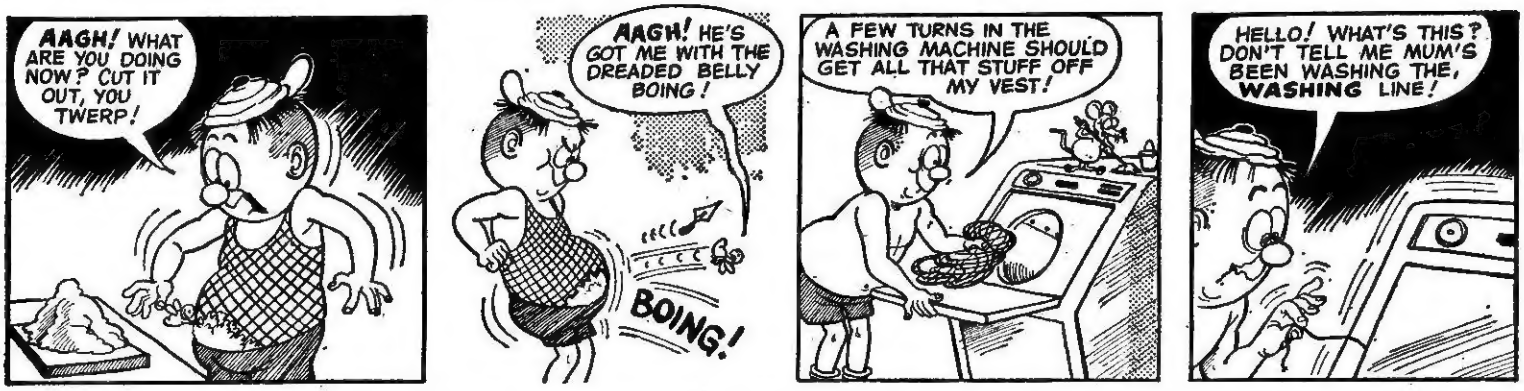
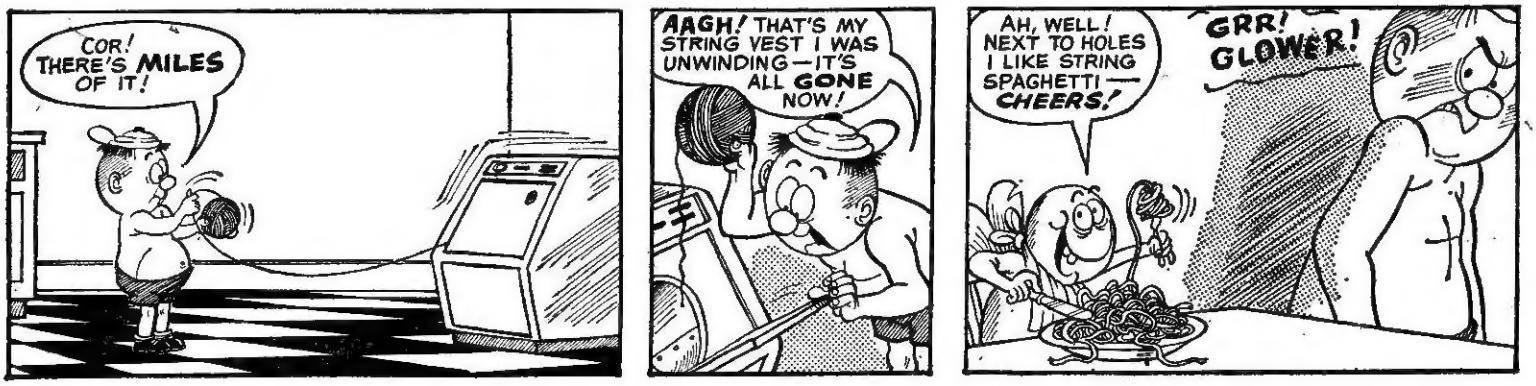
Percy's Pets


WAA-WAA-AAH! HOWL!
MOTH BAWL
WHAT'S BUGGING YOU, MARMADUKE? WHY THE CRAZY WAY OUT YELLING, MAN?
WAA-AAH! HOW-OOL!!
EATING HOLES IN PERCY'S VESTS WAS MY FAVOURITE MEAL AND NOW HE'S GONE AND BOUGHT A STRING VEST! WAA-AAH!
MAN, THAT'S REAL SAD TYPE SORROW!
HOW ABOUT THAT THEN? A VEST WITH BUILT-IN MOTH HOLES—THIS SHOULD KEEP MUM HAPPY!


GRR! I'LL SORT PERCY OUT—I'LL DARN UP ALL THE HOLES IN HIS VEST!
AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? ME NEEDLE'S NIPPED OFF!
???
ZIP!
GIVE UP, MARMADUKE—STRING VESTS ARE HERE TO STAY!
CLINK!
BAH! BEATEN BY A BLINKING MAGNET!


GRR! I'M NOT GIVING UP—I'LL FILL ALL THE HOLES IN PERCY'S VEST WITH THIS STUFF I GOT FROM POLLY!
POLLY FILLA
HOLE BUNGER UPPER
HEH! HEH! NOW TO FILL THEM UP—I HATE HOLES UNLESS I MAKE THEM MYSELF!
BARRY BUCKNELL'S GOT NOTHING ON THIS KIDDIE!

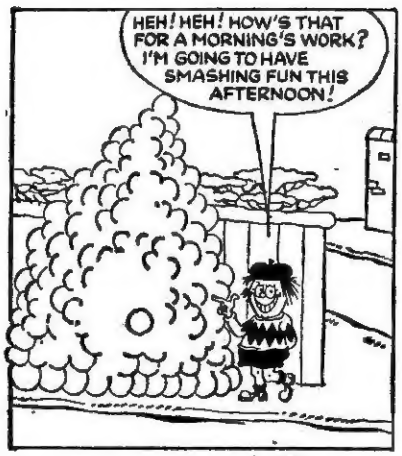

AAGH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW? CUT IT OUT, YOU TWERP!
AAGH! HE'S GOT ME WITH THE DREADED BELLY BOING!
BOING!
A FEW TURNS IN THE WASHING MACHINE SHOULD GET ALL THAT STUFF OFF MY VEST!
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? DON'T TELL ME MUM'S BEEN WASHING THE, WASHING LINE!


COR! THERE'S MILES OF IT!
AAGH! THAT'S MY STRING VEST I WAS UNWINDING—IT'S ALL GONE NOW!
AH, WELL! NEXT TO HOLES I LIKE STRING SPAGHETTI—CHEERS!
GRR! GLOWER!

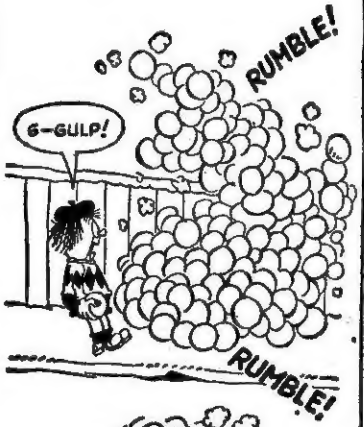
AMMO

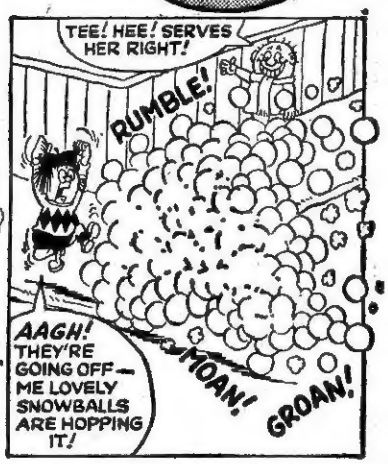
BAD PENNY

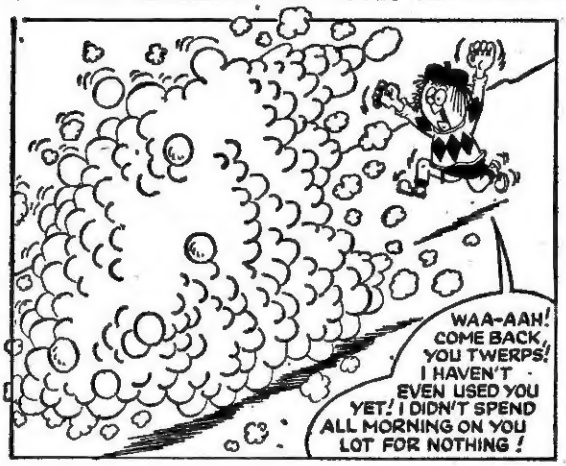
ONE PENNY
1968

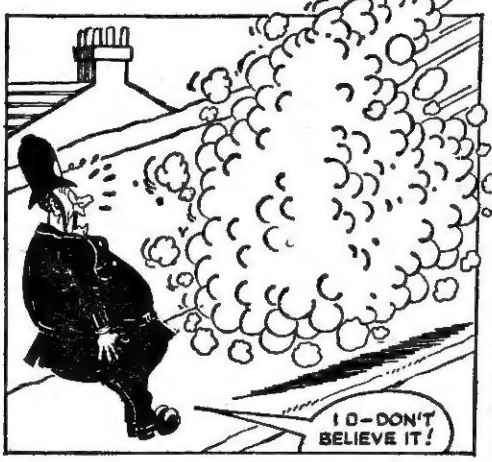

HEH! HEH! HOW'S THAT FOR A MORNING'S WORK? I'M GOING TO HAVE SMASHING FUN THIS AFTERNOON!

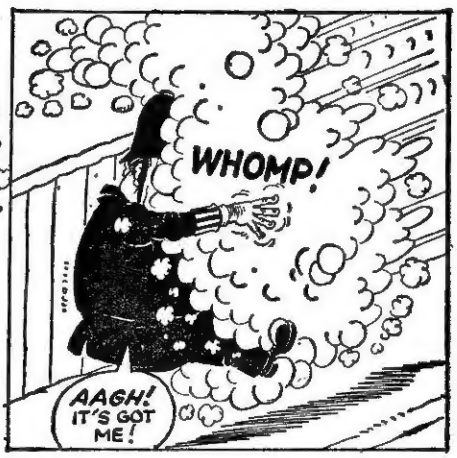
HEH! HEH! HERE'S THAT LITTLE TWERP SAMUEL EVERITE — I'LL GET HIM FIRST!
OH, NO, PENNY, YOU TWERP! DON'T TAKE ONE FROM THE BOTTOM!


RUMBLE!
G-GULP!
RUMBLE!

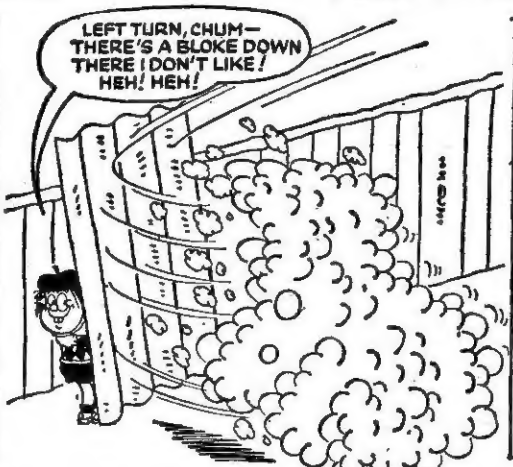

TEE! HEE! SERVES HER RIGHT!
RUMBLE!
AAGH! THEY'RE GOING OFF — ME LOVELY SNOWBALLS ARE HOPPING IT!
MOAN!
GROAN!


WAA-AAH! COME BACK, YOU TWERPS! I HAVEN'T EVEN USED YOU YET! I DIDN'T SPEND ALL MORNING ON YOU LOT FOR NOTHING!

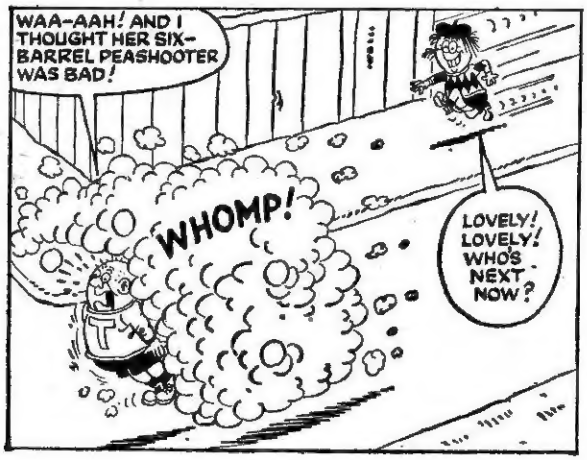

I D-DON'T BELIEVE IT!

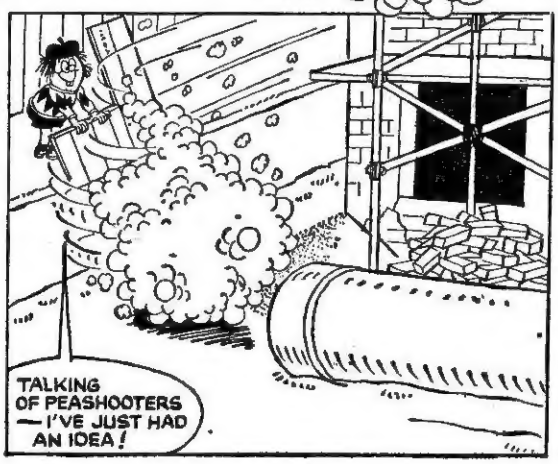

WHOMP!
AAGH! IT'S GOT ME!

COO! THIS COULD BE FUN — A LOT BETTER THAN THROWING THEM ONE AT A TIME!
BURBLE!
THAT DAME'S DIABOLICAL — SHE'S THROWING THEM A THOUSAND AT A TIME NOW!

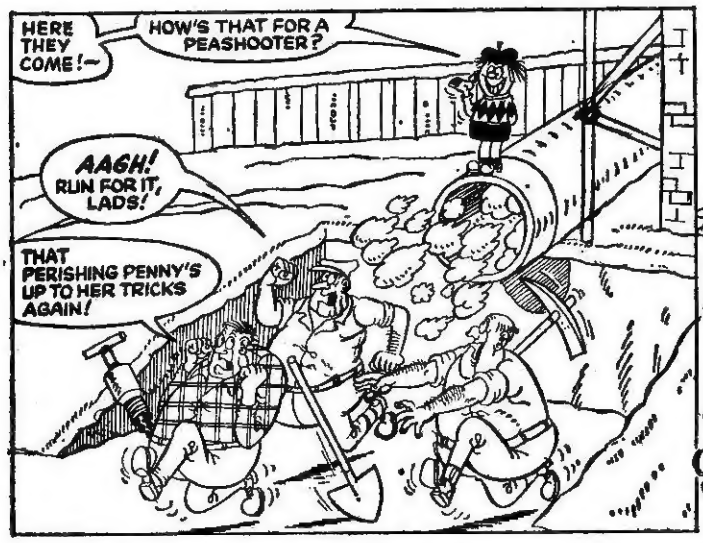

LEFT TURN, CHUM — THERE'S A BLOKE DOWN THERE I DON'T LIKE! HEH! HEH!

SEIZE HIM, BOY! CHEW HIM UP!
AAGH! CALL THEM OFF! I ONLY THREW ONE AT YOU LAST WEDNESDAY!


WAA-AAH! AND I THOUGHT HER SIX-BARREL PEASHOOTER WAS BAD!
WHOMP!
LOVELY! LOVELY! WHO'S NEXT NOW?


TALKING OF PEASHOOTERS — I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA!

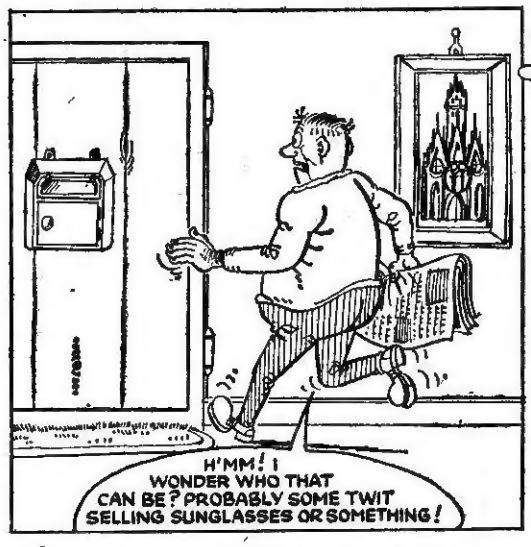
IN YOU GO, MY BEAUTIES! I'LL SEE YOU AT THE OTHER END!

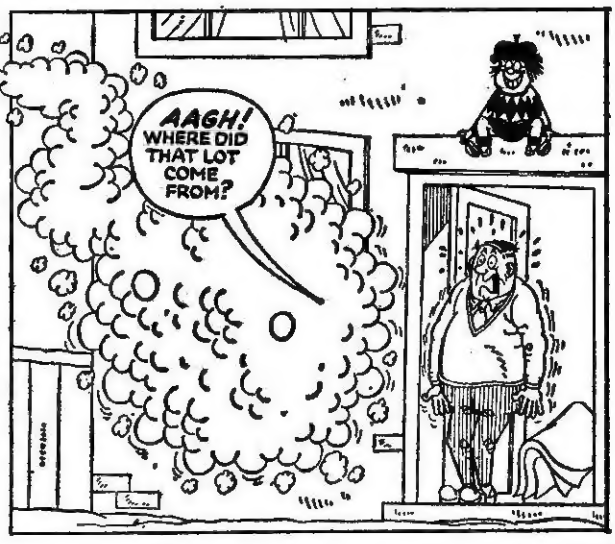

HERE THEY COME!—
HOW'S THAT FOR A PEASHOOTER?
AAGH! RUN FOR IT, LADS!
THAT PERISHING PENNY'S UP TO HER TRICKS AGAIN!

HEH! HEH! THAT'LL TEACH THEM FOR NOT GIVING ME CEMENT TO PUT IN MUM'S SEMOLINA!
WAA-AAH!
SPLUDGE!
AAGH!
WHOMP!

SMASHING! THERE'S STILL PLENTY LEFT— FOLLOW ME, READERS!

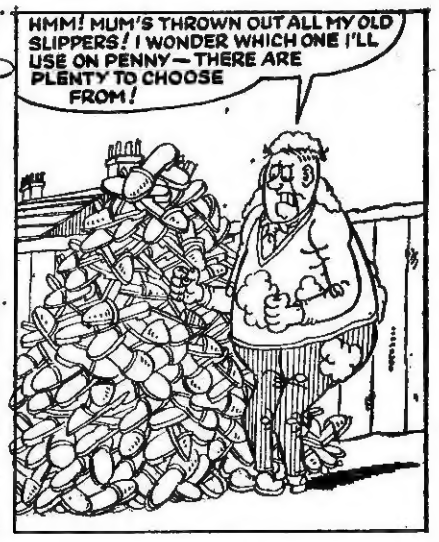
I'LL GIVE DAD THE LAST LAUGH —HE'S BEEN SLIPPER-HAPPY ALL WEEK!


H'MM! I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE? PROBABLY SOME TWIT SELLING SUNGLASSES OR SOMETHING!


AAGH! WHERE DID THAT LOT COME FROM?

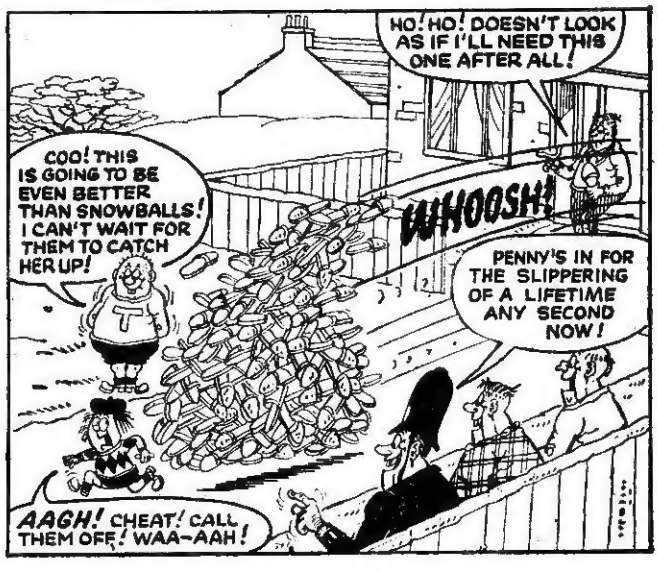
PHEW! JUST GOT THE DOOR SHUT IN TIME! I BET THIS IS PENNY'S DOING!

WHOOSH!
AAGH! NO! THEY'RE PUSHING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE LETTER BOX!


HMM! MUM'S THROWN OUT ALL MY OLD SLIPPERS! I WONDER WHICH ONE I'LL USE ON PENNY— THERE ARE PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM!

AHA! THIS ONE WILL DO— IT'S GOT A NICE HARD SOLE— AND IT'S HARDLY BEEN USED!
OH, NO, YOU OLD TWERP! DON'T TAKE ONE FROM THE BOTTOM!

G-GULP!


HO! HO! DOESN'T LOOK AS IF I'LL NEED THIS ONE AFTER ALL!
COO! THIS IS GOING TO BE EVEN BETTER THAN SNOWBALLS! I CAN'T WAIT FOR THEM TO CATCH HER UP!
WHOOSH!
PENNY'S IN FOR THE SLIPPERING OF A LIFETIME ANY SECOND NOW!
AAGH! CHEAT! CALL THEM OFF! WAA-AAH!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

MILLIONS OF OUR FANS (well, hundreds, anyway!) (well, actually, that same old wise feller who hangs around the garret!) said why don't we include a weekly "WHO'S FIGHTIN' WHO" section on this 64 page? Well, we have heard worse ideas (and used 'em too, by hiskory!) so stand by for a one-shot ... and we'll wait and see how you truly dedicated ones out there react to the notion.

AND SO ... THIS WEEK ... The X-Men pit their mutant might against an old foe of THOR'S. Namely MERLIN ... who for this come-back role in FANTASTIC, this current ish, has renamed himself THE WARLOCK! Same ish, THOR continues his titanic tussle against THE ABSORBING MAN!

The AVENGERS wrap up their battle against THE COLLECTOR ... (but leave GOLIATH in his biggest trouble to date!) DR. STRANGE uses all his mystic arts mastery in his way-out duel with the unspeakable UMAR. And poor old SPIDER-MAN who has been not-so-quietly doing his nut these past days fighting foes that don't even exist ... now comes across one that DOES, namely MYSTERIO! Whilst the FANTASTIC FOUR become very involved when DIABLO makes his devilish debut. And DARE-DEVIL in "SMASH" chalks up another resounding round with THE OX, who, just to make things tougher all round, is now equipped with the brilliant brain of DOCTOR STRAGG! THE MAESTRO makes RUBBERMAN dance to a not-so-merry tune. ... DOC MORG launches off another EXPERIMENT X and proves that this biggest enemy ... is himself ... and that "two faced" newcomer JANUS is currently pitted against COUNT MEPHISTO! Then, of course, there's ... but do we have to go on? It's beginning to look as if we'll need a whole page to summarise these battling bulletins! Maybe it's NOT such a good idea, after all!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE ...

Gerald Hough, Romiley, Cheshire. David Short, Sunderland, Co. Durham. Andrew Tarpey, Liverpool 15. Stephen Osgood, Chatham, Kent. Ian Gill, Elgin, Scotland. Peter French, Dulwich, London, S.E.21. Jane March Ealing, London, W.13. Christopher Macadam, Natal, South Africa. Paul Price, Bootle, 10. Maureen Martin, Clydebank. Denise Maham, Glamorgan. Terence Bradley, Middlesbro', Yorks. Alan Clark, Pontypool, Mon. Andrew Bell, Deal, Kent. Christopher McConville, Gainsborough, Lincs. Tony Draper, Romford, Essex. Terry Enderson, Dalston, London, E.8. Simon Brown, Carshalton, Surrey. Manoji Abeyawardene, Wallington, Surrey. Paul Smyth, Downpatrick, Co. Down.

Had a nice telephone call the other day from Power fan ERIC ROSE who asked us if we'd please tell all you tigers out there that HE AND HIS FRIEND ARE STARTING A POWER FANS CLUB! Object: to get together a group of pals to meet or write to ... and all with one big thing in common ... THE POWER PACK!

Who are we to say it's not a great idea, Eric! But our own wise old feller felt he ought to warn you that clubs CAN cost pence to run ... on things like stamps, for instance! But, anyway, here's the details for them that's interested. If you live in or near London, write to Eric's sidekick: SIMON HITCHINS, 26 Bethmead Avenue, Streatham, S.W.16. The rest of you, write to: ERIC ROSE, 65 Woodrock Dell Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

The ball's in your court 'cats!

And here, for all you SMASH SECRET CODERS is the answer to last week's little prob!...

PICTURE PAPER PUNDITS PICK POWER! And just to keep you guessing, here's ANOTHER code to crack:

RR 21 40 5 30 15 7 19/ 21 8 28 28 8 2 6 40 14 / 21 7 30 20 / 36 8 2 6 40 / 21 9 30 30 7 6 14 / 21 9 30 30 7 6 40.

Have fun!!

MEET ... Mister Knowall

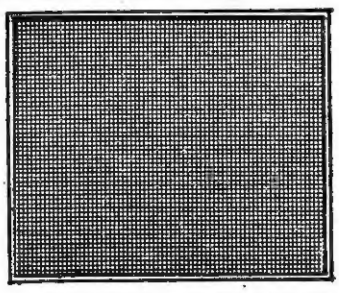
He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

DRAW a close network of lines like this on a piece of tracing paper so that when you lay it on a book or newspaper it is impossible to see the words underneath.

Now challenge anyone to try and do it. When they've failed (don't worry, they will!) ask someone to write a secret message, lay the tracing paper on it—and you will prove that you can read through it!

SLIDE IT ROUND!

How? Well, all you do is to slide the tracing paper quickly round and about on the writing and the message will be distinctly seen. Why? That's one question even Mr. Knowall cannot answer, but it's true, Tigers—try it and SEE!



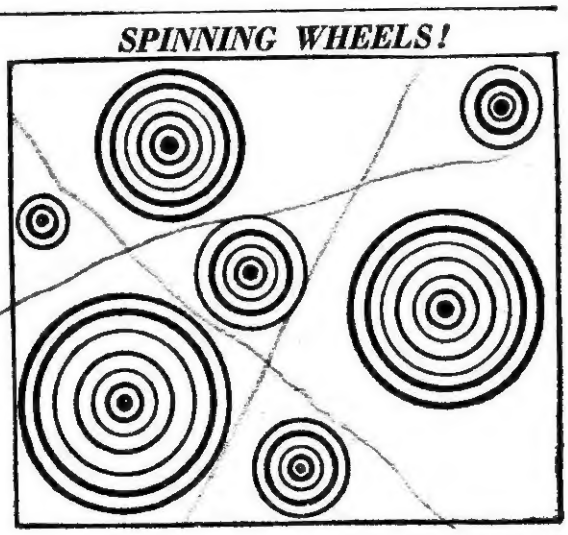
The Brush Off!

Give your mate a soft clothes brush and tell him that if he can brush a sixpence off your hand, he can keep it! Put the sixpence in the palm of your hand and hold it out. That's all—you don't need any glue or chewing gum! Now your mate can brush as hard as he likes—the sixpence just won't budge! If you don't believe me, try it yourself before you risk your money!

SPINNING WHEELS!

CUT out the picture on the right and hold it with your finger and thumb in the bottom right corner. Now, move your arm from your elbow, as though you were drawing circles—and the wheels spin! Amazing, isn't it?

Now, can you divide the wheels from each other—so that each is separated from the rest—with only THREE straight lines? I'll show you the answer next week.



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DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

AND MEN SHALL CALL HIM... OX!

A SWIRLING, STREAKING SWASHBUCKLING FIGURE, SWINGS ABOVE THE SPIRES OF NEW YORK, AND OUR PULSE-POUNDING SAGA *BEGINS*--!

PART 1

HOW I'VE *LONGED* FOR THIS MARVELLOUS MOMENT--TO BE BACK IN *ACTION* AGAIN--FREE AS A FALCON, WITH THE *WORLD* AT MY FEET! THIS IS WHERE I BELONG! THIS IS MY FOOD, MY DRINK, MY *LIFE!* THIS IS WHY *DAREDEVIL* WAS BORN!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

LIKE A RAMPAGING WRAITH, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR SILENTLY SKIMS THE CITY'S ROOFTOPS, UNTIL AT LAST--

I COULD SPEND THE ENTIRE *NIGHT* THIS WAY--BUT I'VE GOT TO RETURN TO THE OFFICE BEFORE FOGGY!

HE THINKS I'M THERE NOW, WORKING LATE TO CATCH UP ON OUR LAW WORK!

I TOLD HIM I HAD THINGS TO ATTEND TO WHILE HE AND KAREN WENT TO DINNER!

AND, IN A WAY, I WAS TELLING THE *TRUTH!*

JUST IN *TIME!* I HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS, COMING OUT OF THE ELEVATOR!

BUT *WAIT!* SOMETHING SOUNDS *WRONG!*

I KNOW FOGGY'S TREAD AS WELL AS MY OWN NAME! BUT NOW--IT'S *CHANGED!*

HIS STEP IS HALTING--UNBALANCED! AND *KAREN'S* IS HEAVIER THAN USUAL!

IT CAN ONLY MEAN *ONE* THING--FOGGY IS *HURT*--KAREN IS *SUPPORTING* HIM!

THEY'RE AT THE DOOR NOW! MY *RADAR SENSE* IS PICKING THEM UP! HE *IS* LEANING UPON HER!

I CAN HEAR HIS *PULSE BEAT* NOW! IT'S TOO SLOW--ERRATIC! HE'S *SICK!* BUT, I MUSTN'T LET THEM KNOW I'M AWARE OF IT YET!

I *HEARD* SOMETHING! IS SOMEONE THERE? WHO *IS* IT?

OH, *MATT!* SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH *FOGGY!* I'M SO *WORRIED!*

AS WE WERE RETURNING TO THE OFFICE--HE ALMOST PASSED OUT IN THE ELEVATOR! WHAT CAN IT *BE?*

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES--I GET DIZZY--BECAUSE OF THAT BLOW--MONTHS AGO--FROM THE *OX!** I GUESS--I'M NOT FULLY RECOVERED YET!

TAKE IT EASY, FOGGY! I'LL SEND FOR THE DOCTOR!

*AS SEEN IN "THE FELLOWSHIP OF FEAR!" *SMASH* 1SH 88-90! REMEMBER?--ALF.

BUT, IRONICALLY--EVEN AS LOVELY KAREN PAGE CASUALLY INTONES THOSE WORDS--A SCENE TAKES PLACE AT *STATE PRISON*--A SCENE WHICH IS SOON TO AFFECT THE LIVES OF OUR LITTLE CAST OF CHARACTERS...

EASY, YOU BRAINLESS FOOL--*EASY!*

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I *TELL* YOU--WORK ON THOSE BARS *SLOWLY!* WE MUSTN'T AROUSE THE SUSPICION OF THE *GUARDS!*

JUST WEAKEN THE BARS A *LITTLE* AT A TIME--UNTIL I'M *READY!*

CAN'T YOU EVEN GET THAT ONE SIMPLE THING INTO YOUR THICK, STUPID SKULL??!

BOOM

I *TOLD* YA NEVER TO *SAY* THAT TO ME!

FOOL! IF THE GUARD *HEARD* THAT--WE'RE *SUNK!*

WHO CARES ABOUT THE GUARD? WHAT CAN HE DO TA *ME?*

ANYHOW, WHY SHOULD I WANNA *ESCAPE?* NOTHIN' FOR ME TA *DO* OUTSIDE! MEBBE--I'M BETTER OFF *HERE!*

I *TOLD* YOU--WHEN WE GET OUT, I CAN *HELP* YOU! I CAN--*QUIET!*

GUARDS! THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY!

WHAT'S GOIN' *ON* HERE? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *WALL?*

THIS IS YOUR *LAST* WARNING, OX! ACT UP AGAIN, AND IT'LL BE *SOLITARY* FOR YOU!

DON'T GET TOO CLOSE, SAM! HE'S APT TO DO *ANYTHING!*

BUT, NO SOONER HAVE THE GUARDS TURNED THE CORNER, WHEN--

I *TOLD* YA--

YOU *FOOL!* IF YOU'RE SENT TO *SOLITARY*, WE'LL *NEVER* BREAK OUT OF HERE!

KRAK

DON'T CALL ME *FOOL!* DON'T CALL ME FOOL!

STOP! STOP IT, DO YOU HEAR! OX, *LISTEN* TO ME--!

PUT IT *DOWN*--*OX*--PUT IT *DOWN!* REMEMBER WHAT I *PROMISED* YOU--!

WHEN WE'RE *OUT* OF HERE, I'LL INCREASE YOUR *INTELLIGENCE!* YOU'LL BE ABLE TO *THINK* AS WELL AS ANYONE!

I CAN *DO* IT, OX! YOU'VE GOT TO *TRUST* ME--YOU'VE *GOT* TO--!

TRUST YOU--! GOT TO *TRUST* YOU--!

REMEMBER--I'M A *SCIENTIST!* A *WIZARD* IN A LABORATORY! ONCE YOU'VE HELPED ME TO ESCAPE, I'LL KEEP MY *PROMISE* TO YOU!

AWRIGHT--GOT NOTHIN' TA *LOSE*--!

BUT--IF YOU'RE *LYIN'* TA ME--!

DR. KARL STRAGG DOES NOT *LIE!*

AND, AS THE MIGHTY-MUSCLED *OX* ONCE AGAIN SUBMITS TO THE ORDERS OF HIS SMALL BUT SINISTER CELL-MATE, WE RETURN AGAIN TO THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

WELL, WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DOC?

IT'S JUST WHAT YOU *GUESSED!* THE INJURY YOU RECEIVED SOME MONTHS AGO HASN'T QUITE HEALED YET!

YOU JUST NEED A LITTLE REST, SON!

NO NEED TO WORRY--YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW DAYS!

I SUGGEST THAT ONE OF YOU SEE HIM HOME, AND INSIST THAT HE *STAY* THERE UNTIL NEXT WEEK! HE'LL BE FIT AS A FIDDLE AFTER THAT!

I'LL TAKE HIM HOME, DOCTOR! WILL *YOU* BE ALL RIGHT HERE ALONE, MATT?

SURE, KAREN! I HAVE A WHOLE STACK OF BRAILLE TRANSCRIPTS TO READ!

MOMENTS LATER...

SHALL I COME *BACK* TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR REFERENCE, MATT?

PERHAPS YOU'D *BETTER*, KAREN! IT MUST BE KINDA TOUGH FOR MATT WHEN HE HAS TO FILE THINGS AWAY IN THE RIGHT PLACE!

NO--DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'LL BE OKAY! JUST BE SURE YOU LOOK AFTER *FOGGY!*

BUT, ONCE THE OTHER TWO HAVE FINALLY DEPARTED...

AT *LAST!* NOW THAT I WON'T HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE *HELPLESS* ANYMORE, I CAN BREEZE THROUGH THE REST OF MY WORK!

I'D HAVE GIVEN *ANYTHING* TO HAVE KAREN RETURN--BUT I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK THAT SHE'S MOTIVATED BY A SENSE OF *PITY!*

NOW THEN--WHERE *WAS* I--?

THEN, AS THE MOMENTS SPEED BY, THE SIGHTLESS ATTORNEY "*READS*" FASTER THAN ANY *SIGHTED* MAN COULD HOPE TO DO--LETTING HIS HYPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS MERELY SKIM THE SURFACE OF EACH PAGE, FEELING THE ACTUAL *INK IMPRINT* OF EVERY WORD!

I WANT TO GET FINISHED IN TIME FOR A GOOD *WORKOUT* AT MY APARTMENT-GYM BEFORE I TURN IN!

ANYTHING TO KEEP MY MIND FROM ALWAYS RETURNING TO--*KAREN!*

BUT, ALTHOUGH HE CANNOT YET SUSPECT IT, MATT MURDOCK WILL SOON HAVE *MUCH* TO KEEP HIS THOUGHTS FROM KAREN PAGE! FOR, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BACK AT STATE PRISON...

NOW, OX--*NOW!* EVERYTHING IS SET! THE TIMING IS *PERFECT!* IF THE BARS ARE WEAK ENOUGH, WE'LL BE *FREE* WITHIN THE HOUR!

I WEAKENED 'EM *PLENTY!* STUFF LIKE THAT AINT HARD--FOR THE *OX!*

THWO

JUST REMEMBER YER *PROMISE!* YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME AS SMART AS ANYONE ELSE--JUST LIKE YA *SAID!*

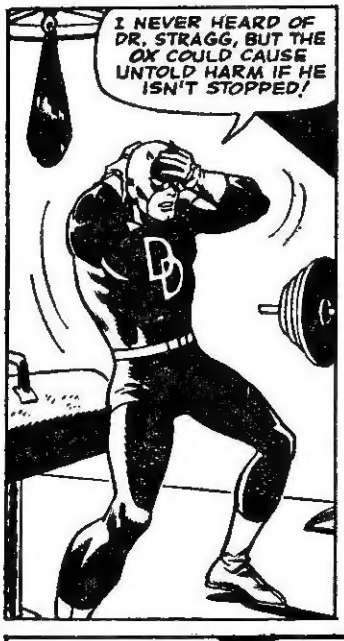
SURE! SURE! WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT WHEN WE'RE OUT!
RIGHT NOW, KEEP PUTTING THE GUARDS TO SLEEP WHILE I BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH THE LOCKS WITH THEIR GUNS!
LOOK OUT! DON'T LET HIM GET WITHIN ARM'S RANGE OF--
-UNNHH!-
WHEEEEE
PAKKA PAKKA
PAKK
OW
WW
DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT ONE OF THE GUARDS!

AIDED BY THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, BUT MOSTLY DUE TO THE OX'S AWESOME POWER, DR. STRAGG AND HIS POWERFUL PARTNER FINALLY REACH THE LAST BARRIER...
YOU MIGHT AS WELL OPEN IT--IF YOU DON'T, THE OX WILL JUST STOMP IT DOWN!
THEN LET HIM! BUT, I WARN YOU--YOU CAN'T GET FAR! WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK HERE BY DAYLIGHT!
THE OX WON'T NEVER COME BACK!
NOW WATCH ME BUST THROUGH THAT GATE--!

SECONDS LATER, HAVING TORN THE GATE FROM ITS HINGES BY SHEER BRUTE STRENGTH, THE OX SEIZES A NEARBY MOTORCYCLE, AND THEN...
WE MADE IT! KEEP GOING, OX! DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING!
ONCE WE REACH MY LAB, THE GREATEST EXPERIMENT OF ALL TIME WILL TAKE PLACE!
IT BETTER!
RRR

THE ONE EMOTION MY RADAR-SENSE CAN'T DEFINE IS LOVE!
WHEN IT COMES TO KAREN, I REALLY AM A BLIND MAN!
AND, SOME DISTANCE AWAY, IN THE WELL-EQUIPPED GYM BENEATH HIS APARTMENT, MATT MURDOCK ACTS MOST UNLIKE AN UNSEEING MAN--!

BUT, MATT'S REVERIE IS SUMMARILY SHATTERED AS HE HEARS...
BULLETIN! THE POWERFUL PUBLIC ENEMY KNOWN AS THE OX HAS JUST BROKEN OUT OF STATE PRISON IN COMPANY WITH FELLOW CONVICT, DR. KARL STRAGG!
THE OX!! FREE, AGAIN! HE MUST BE CAUGHT!
HERE'S WHERE I END MY PRACTICE SESSION--!
BOTH ESCAPEES ARE ARMED, AND PRESUMED DANGEROUS--!
IT'S TIME FOR THE REAL THING!


I NEVER HEARD OF DR. STRAGG, BUT THE OX COULD CAUSE UNTOLD HARM IF HE ISN'T STOPPED!

NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND HIM--!
BUT SOMETIMES, IN A CITY OF NINE MILLION, THAT CAN PROVE TO BE JUST A LITTLE BIT DIFFICULT!

HOWEVER, I'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE, SO I'LL HEAD FOR THE DIRECTION OF STATE PRISON...
THWIP!

BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR HAS GUESSED WRONG! FOR, EVEN AS HE STREAKS TOWARDS THE OTHER DIRECTION...
THIS IS WHERE OUR OLD HIDEOUT USEDTA BE!
MR. FEAR'S LAB WAS HIDDEN UNDER THAT WAX MUSEUM!
IT SHALL SERVE OUR PURPOSE ADMIRABLY!

IT'S PERFECT! IT'S EVEN BETTER EQUIPPED THAN YOU TOLD ME IT WAS!
WHAT ABOUT ME?? YA GOTTA REMEMBER YER PROMISE! YOU SAID YA COULD MAKE ME REAL SMART!
I SHALL! I SHALL!! WE'LL BEGIN RIGHT NOW!

A SHORT TIME LATER...
I'M ALL READY FOR YOU NOW, OX!
HOW COULD YA PREPARE IT SO FAST??

THE PROCESS IS RIDICULOUSLY SIMPLE! UNFORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, IT CAN BE DANGEROUS! THAT'S WHY I WAS JAILED--FOR ENDANGERING LIVES!
I AINT SCARED OF DANGER! BUT, YA BETTER NOT TRY TO TRICK ME!
TRICK YOU? FOR WHAT PURPOSE? DON'T YOU REMEMBER--WE'RE GOING TO BE PARTNERS!

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOUR BRAIN AS POWERFUL AS YOUR BODY! WHEN I'M FINISHED, THERE'LL BE NOTHING THE OX CANNOT ACCOMPLISH!
NOW, GET ON THE COT I'VE PREPARED FOR YOU! EVERYTHING IS READY TO BEGIN!
AWRIGHT, STRAGG! BUT, REMEMBER-- I'M GONNA BE WATCHIN' YA EVERY MINUTE!

YOU MUST NOT MOVE! I'M ABOUT TO TRANSFER SOME OF MY OWN INTELLIGENCE INTO YOUR BRAIN!
AWRIGHT! GET GOIN'! WHAT ARE YA WAITIN' FOR?

FROM THIS MOMENT ON--I WAIT NO LONGER!
CLICK!

AND THERE, IN THE LONELY, MUSTY LABORATORY, TWO MEN LIE BENEATH TWIN SOURCES OF SUB-AUTRONIC POWER, AS THE SHRILL, HIGH-PITCHED WHINE OF THE STRANGE MACHINES GROWS MORE AND MORE DEAFENING...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO ME?? I-I FEEL DIFFERENT--! I'M CHANGIN'-- BUT-- I AINT GETTIN' ANY SMARTER!
IT'S WORKING! I CAN FEEL IT! I ALWAYS KNEW I COULD DO IT! I'VE WON!

YOU POOR, DELUDED FOOL! DID YOU THINK I'D GIVE ANY PORTION OF MY MATCHLESS INTELLIGENCE TO A CLOD LIKE YOU!
SNAP!

ALL I'VE DONE IS STOLEN YOUR STRENGTH! I'VE PUT MY OWN MENTALITY INSIDE YOUR BODY! NOW, IT'S I WHO AM THE OX-- WITH ALL YOUR BRUTAL POWER AT MY COMMAND!
KRAK!
BUT-- WHAT ABOUT ME--??

YOU?? YOU'RE LUCKIER THAN YOU SUSPECT! I DIDN'T EVEN THINK YOU'D SURVIVE THE TRANSFORMATION!
BUT, YOU'RE OF NO FURTHER CONCERN TO ME NOW! YOU'RE BENEATH THE NOTICE OF-- THE OX!
BUT--I DON'T GET IT! I'M THE OX! I AINT CHANGED! I STILL FEEL THE SAME! EXCEPT-- FOR ONE THING--!

I--I'M SMALLER THAN I WAS--I'M WEAKER! IT AINT POSSIBLE--I DON'T KNOW HOW YA DID IT-- BUT--I--I'M IN YOUR BODY!
I'M NO SMARTER THAN BEFORE--BUT NOW-- I'M A WEAKLING BESIDES!
PRECISELY!

AND NOW--YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE TO ME! I NEED YOU NO LONGER!
WAP
THE VERY SIGHT OF YOUR WEAK BODY OFFENDS ME! I DESPISE WEAKNESS! I'VE ALWAYS DESPISED IT! AND NOW, THROUGH MY OWN WIZARDRY, I'VE OVERCOME THE WEAKNESS I WAS BORN WITH!

NOW I POSSESS WHAT I'VE ALWAYS *DREAMED* OF--!

THE BRAIN OF A *GENIUS*, AND THE *POWER* OF A *TITAN!*

RAS!

NOW, *NOTHING* CAN STOP ME! *NOTHING* CAN STAND IN MY WAY! BEFORE I'M DONE, THE ENTIRE *CITY* WILL TREMBLE BEFORE ME!

THUMM

MEANWHILE, DAREDEVIL'S INDESCRIBABLY ACUTE *HEARING* "TUNES IN" ON THE SHORT WAVE POLICE BROADCASTS WHICH ARE BOMBARDING THE AIR ABOUT HIM...

I'M HEADING IN THE *WRONG DIRECTION!* ACCORDING TO THE ALL-POINTS ALARMS I'M RECEIVING, THE OX WAS SEEN *UPTOWN!*

"*UPTOWN*" IS A PRETTY BIG AREA, BUT ONCE I GET GOING, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO *ZERO IN* ON HIM WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!

AND, A FEW MILES AWAY, IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY, MANAGING TO KEEP A FEW STEPS AHEAD OF HIS PURSUERS, DR. *KARL STRAGG*, IN HIS NEW, AWESOMELY POWERFUL FORM, RUNS AMOK--INTOXICATED BY A NEVER-BEFORE-EXPERIENCED SENSE OF UNLIMITED STRENGTH--!

ALL MY LIFE I'VE *HUNGERED* FOR THIS SUPREME MOMENT!

WITH A BODY AS POWERFUL AS *THIS*, IF THE OX HAD POSSESSED *MY* INTELLIGENCE, HE'D *NEVER* HAVE BEEN CAUGHT!

BUT--IT'S STRANGE HOW I SEEM TO HAVE GONE *BERSERK* THIS WAY! WHY AM I WASTING TIME ON MEANINGLESS ACTS OF DESTRUCTION?

ANYTHING THAT SHEER *MIGHT* CAN ACCOMPLISH, I CAN *DO!*

IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH SOME OF THE OX'S WANTON *SAVAGERY* HAS RUBBED OFF ON ME!

I'VE GOT TOO MANY THINGS TO DO--*IMPORTANT* THINGS--WITHOUT WASTING TIME ON USELESS TESTS OF MY STRENGTH!

IF ONLY I KNEW WHY I FEEL SO--SO *DIFFERENT!*

IT'S GETTING HARD TO REMEMBER WHAT MY PLANS *WERE!*

BUT, IT'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! I MUST JUST BE *TIRED*--THAT'S ALL!

EVEN AS THE MIGHTY-MUSCLED GENIUS STALKS OUT OF THE PARK, A FEARLESS ADVENTURER, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY'S ROOFTOPS, RAPIDLY DRAWS CLOSER TO HIS PREY...!

NEW POLICE CALLS COMING IN! SENSELESS DAMAGE DISCOVERED--

LUCKILY, THE *OX* IS LEAVING A TRAIL THAT *ANYONE* COULD FOLLOW--ANYONE NAMED *DAREDEVIL*, THAT IS!

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK HOW IMPORTANT A ROLE *COINCIDENCE* PLAYS IN OUR DAILY LIVES? FOR EXAMPLE, JUST AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR REACHES THE VICINITY *FATE* STEPS IN WITH AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT! WATCH--

HE'S GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA! I'D BETTER SWING CLOSER TO THE GROUND AND HOPE MY *RADAR SENSE* CAN SPOT HIM!

SO FAR, ALL I CAN HEAR BELOW IS ONE PAIR OF LIGHT FOOTSTEPS--OBVIOUSLY A *GIRL'S!*

WAIT! IT'S NOT JUST ANY GIRL! I'D KNOW THOSE FOOTSTEPS *ANYWHERE!*

IT'S *KAREN!*

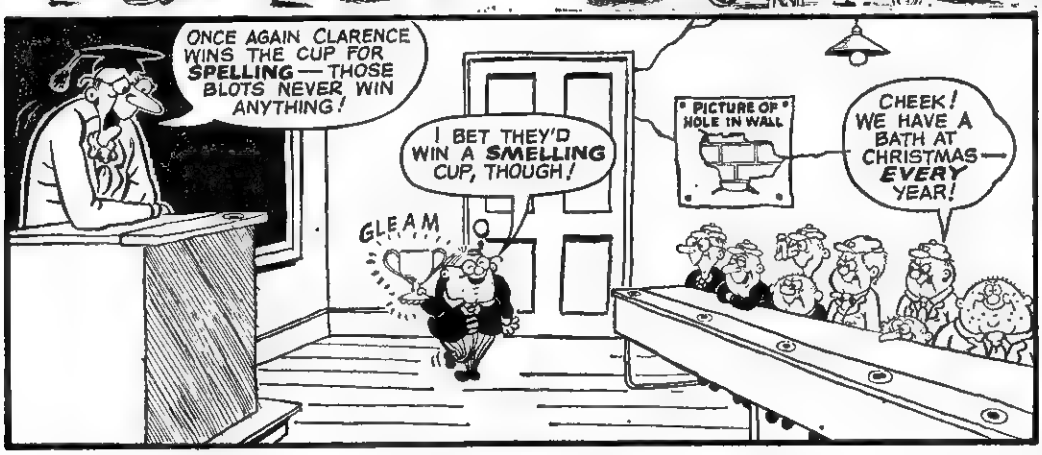
I *FORGOT* THAT SHE LIVES IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD!

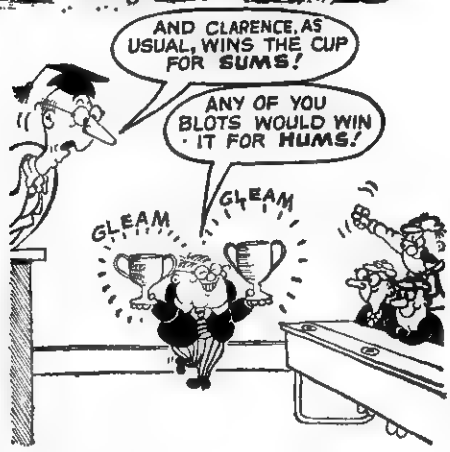
BUT, I HAVE TO *WARN* HER! IF THE *OX* SEES HER--HE'LL REMEMBER HER FROM THE LAST TIME--WHEN HE SAW HER WITH *FOGGY!*

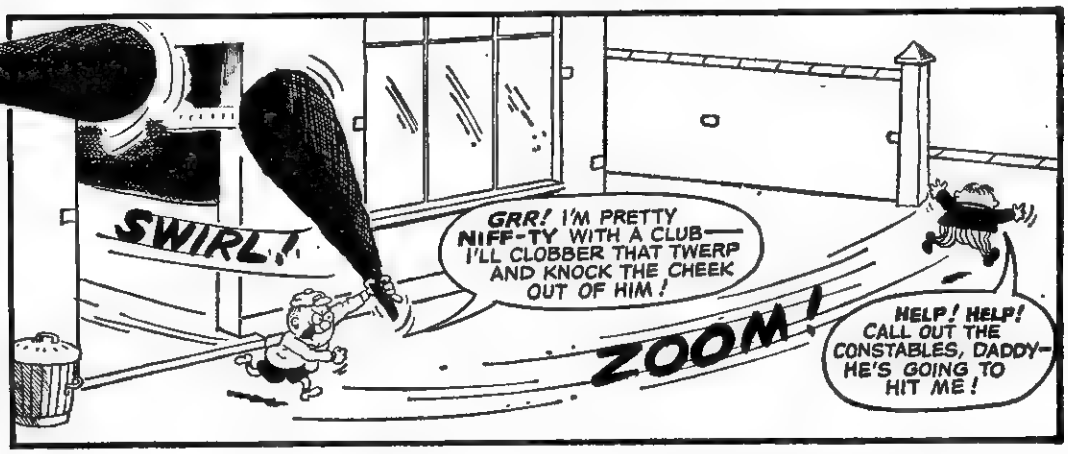
NEW FOOTSTEPS!! INCREDIBLY *HEAVY!* I'M TOO LATE --IT'S *HIM!*

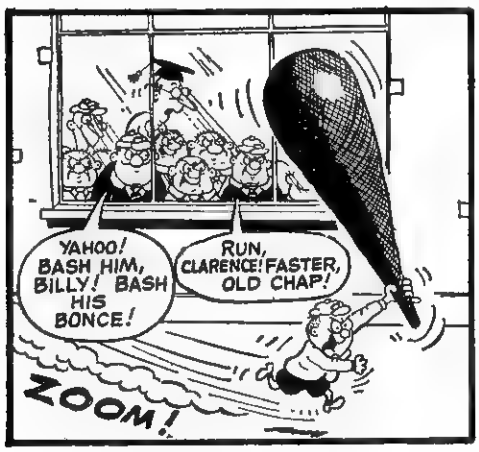
'NUFF SAID FOR NOW! SEE YOU NEXT ISH!

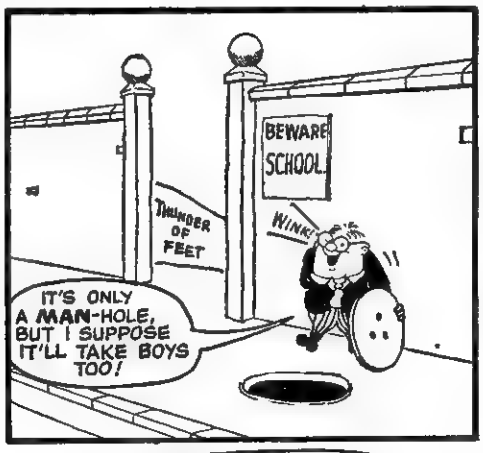
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

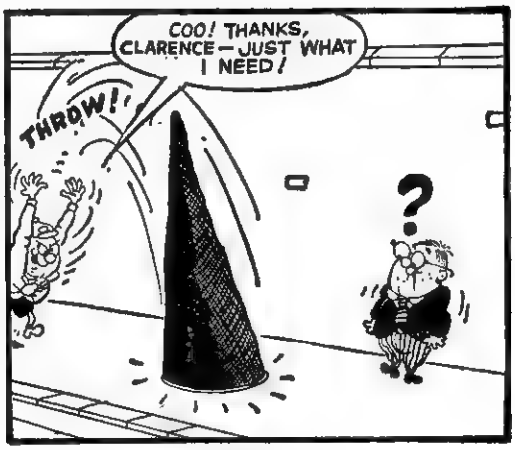


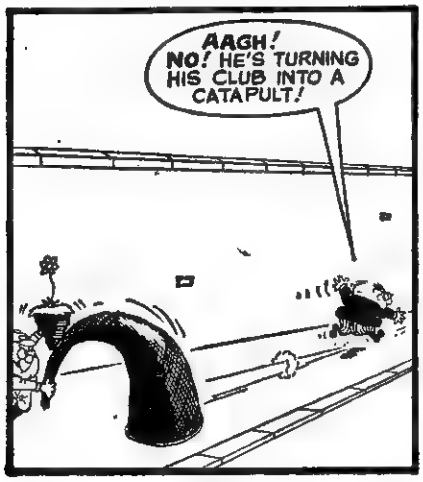


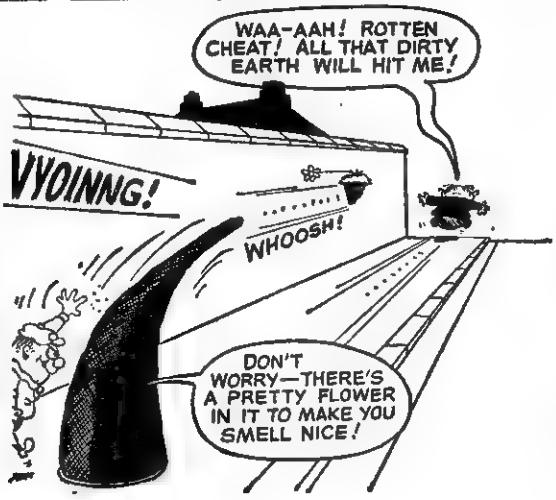








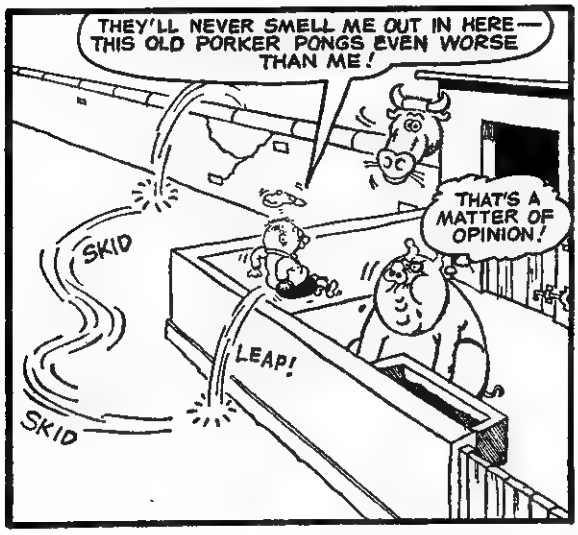




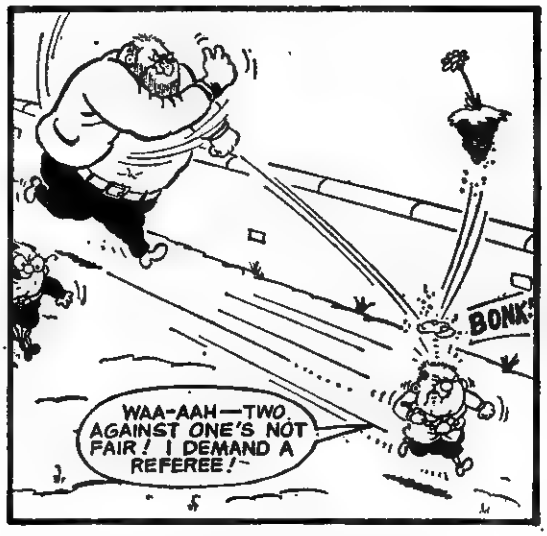
SILO FARM
GRR! I'LL GET UNCLE GEORGE TO HELP ME! HE'S A BIG, TOUGH FARMER—HE'LL FIX THAT BLOT!

WHERE IS HE, CLARENCE? I'LL SOON SEE HIM OFF!

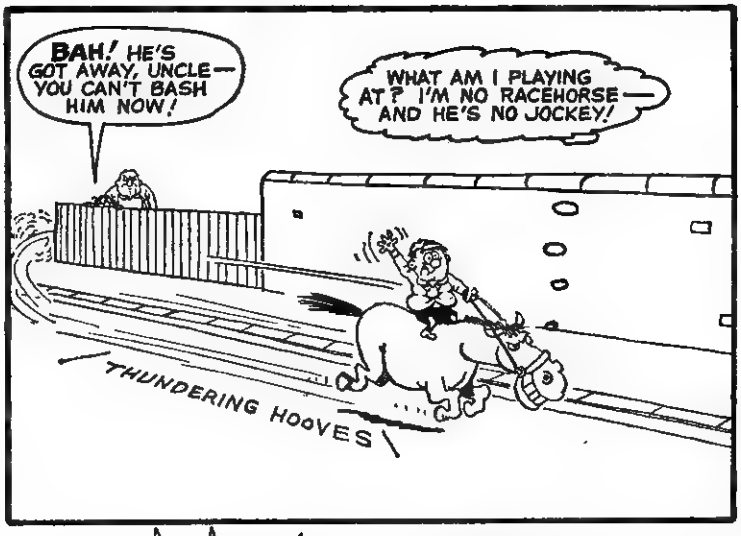
G-GULP! I DON'T FANCY TACKLING THAT BLOKE—I BET HE GOES TO WORK ON A COUPLE OF DOZEN EGGS!
MUNCH! CHOMP! MUNCH!
HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE, UNCLE—WE'LL SOON SMELL HIM OUT!


THEY'LL NEVER SMELL ME OUT IN HERE—THIS OLD PORKER PONGS EVEN WORSE THAN ME!
THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION!
SKID
LEAP!
SKID

THERE HE IS, UNCLE—THERE'S THE NASTY LITTLE BLOT!
OINK!
KICK!

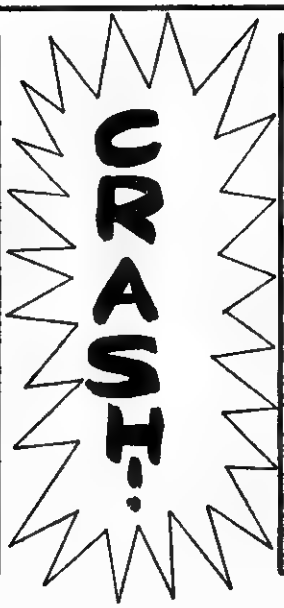

BONK!
WAA-AAH—TWO AGAINST ONE'S NOT FAIR! I DEMAND A REFEREE!

HEIGH-HO, SILVER! GIDDY UP—LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
GRAB!


BAH! HE'S GOT AWAY, UNCLE—YOU CAN'T BASH HIM NOW!
WHAT AM I PLAYING AT? I'M NO RACEHORSE—AND HE'S NO JOCKEY!
THUNDERING HOOVES

AAGH! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? THIS ISN'T THE GRAND NATIONAL!
TOSS!
SCREECH!
I THINK HE'S GONE OFF ME!

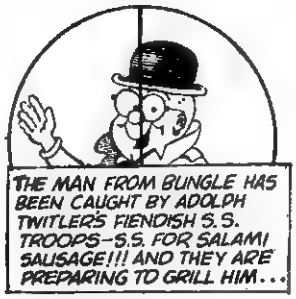
RIGHTO, GUV!
NOW, MEN—TAKE THIS SHOP SIGN ALONG TO WONG'S CHINA SHOP! BE VERY CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THEM, THEY'RE EXPENSIVE!!

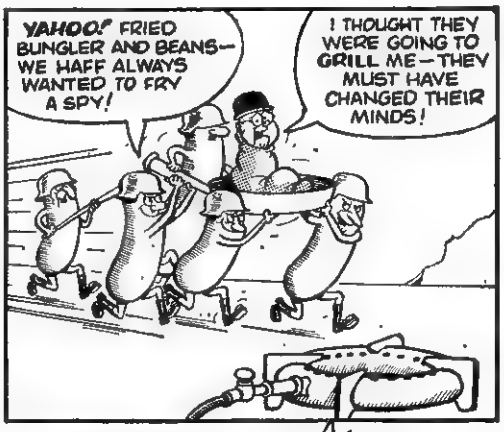

CRASH!

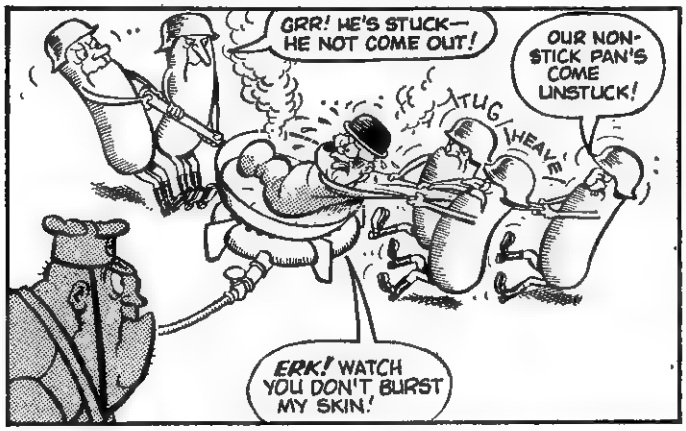
G-GULP! TIME I WENT, I THINK!
AAGH! BOSS! SOMEONE'S BROKEN IT!
BOO! HOO! A MASTER-PIECE RUINED!

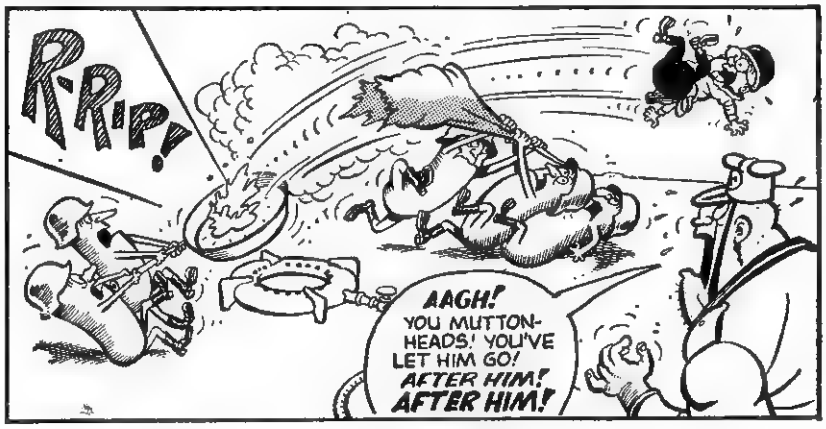
BACK IN CLASS...
H'MM! BILLY DIDN'T GET A CUP—BUT HE'S GOT A SAUCER! THOSE BLOTS HAVE ALWAYS GOT TO BE DIFFERENT!
HUH!—ANYONE CAN WIN CUPS! BUT SAUCERS—!!!!
BAH! THAT BLOT GETS SAUCIER EVERY WEEK!

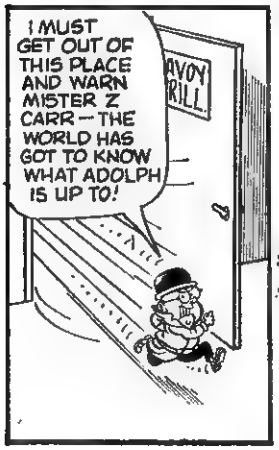
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

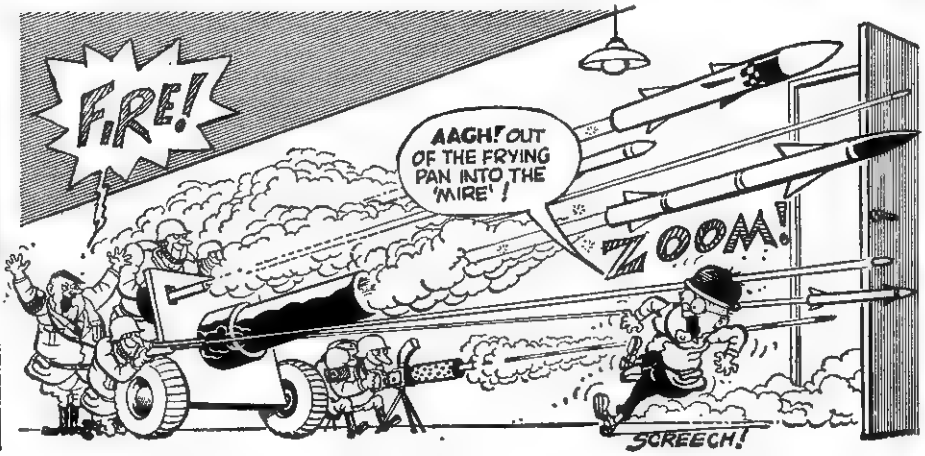




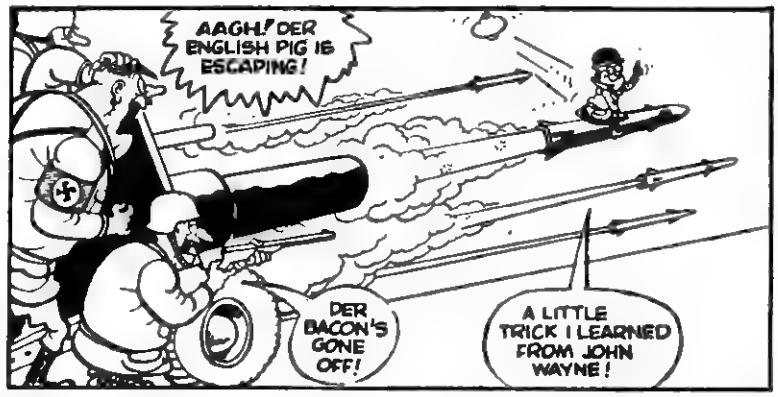








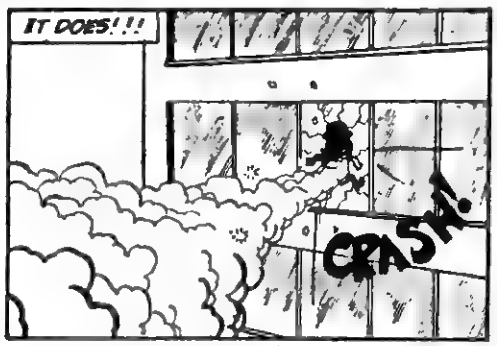
HEH! HEH! I'VE DROPPED IN FOR A LIFT!


AAGH! DER ENGLISH PIG IS ESCAPING!
DER BACON'S GONE OFF!
A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED FROM JOHN WAYNE!

M.I.5½?—THIS IS LARRY REPORTING! HAVE STUMBLED ON TO SOMETHING BIG—AM NOW HEADING BACK TO BASE—OVER AND OUT!
WHOOSH

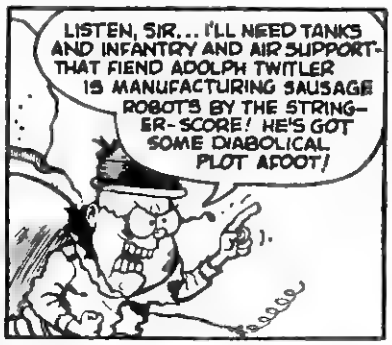
BRAND NEW M.I.5½ BUILDING
AAAH! HOME SWEET HOME. M.I.5½ H.Q. AHEAD—

AAGH! WHAT AM I PLAYING AT? THIS THING'S GOT AN EXPLOSIVE WARHEAD— IF IT HITS SOMETHING...

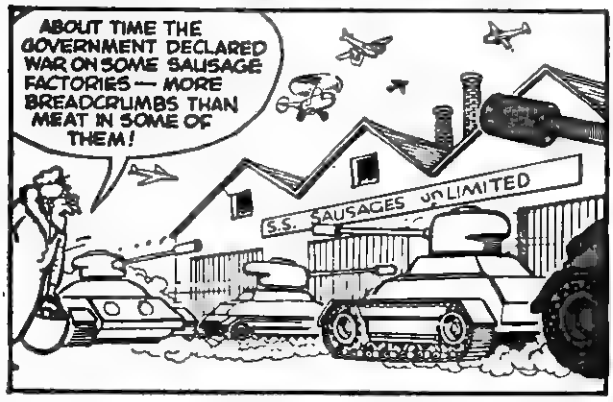

IT DOES!!!
CRASH!

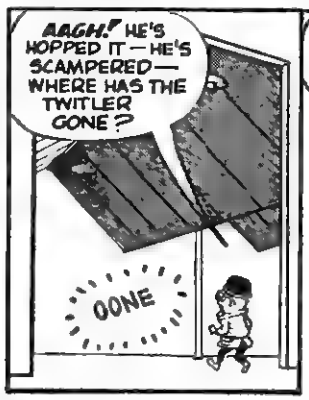
BOOM!

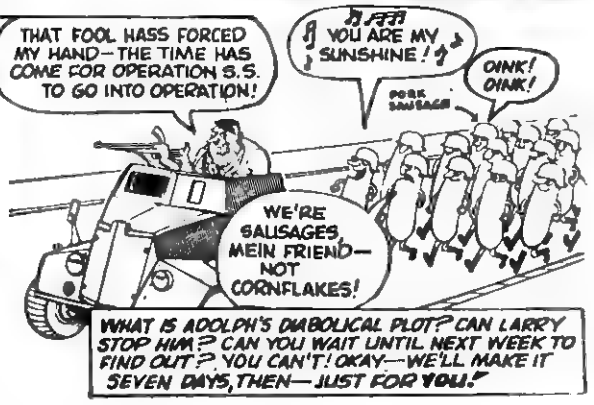
ER—THE MAN FROM BUNGLE REPORTING, SIR—MY APOLOGIES FOR THE DRAMATIC ENTRANCE —BUT I ASSURE YOU IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
WHY DO I PERSEVERE WITH HIM?!


LISTEN, SIR... I'LL NEED TANKS AND INFANTRY AND AIR SUPPORT— THAT FIEND ADOLPH TWITLER IS MANUFACTURING SAUSAGE ROBOTS BY THE STRINGER-SCORE! HE'S GOT SOME DIABOLICAL PLOT AFOOT!

THIS IS 'Z' SPEAKING— GIVE LARRY ALL THE HELP HE NEEDS— JUST GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT! SIGH!


ABOUT TIME THE GOVERNMENT DECLARED WAR ON SOME SAUSAGE FACTORIES— MORE BREADCRUMBS THAN MEAT IN SOME OF THEM!
S.S. SAUSAGES LIMITED


AAGH! HE'S HOPPED IT—HE'S SCAMPERED— WHERE HAS THE TWITLER GONE?
OONE


THAT FOOL HASS FORCED MY HAND—THE TIME HAS COME FOR OPERATION S.S. TO GO INTO OPERATION!
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE!
OINK! OINK!
PORK SAUSAGE
WE'RE SAUSAGES, MEIN FRIEND— NOT CORNFLAKES!
WHAT IS ADOLPH'S DIABOLICAL PLOT? CAN LARRY STOP HIM? CAN YOU WAIT UNTIL NEXT WEEK TO FIND OUT? YOU CAN'T! OKAY—WE'LL MAKE IT SEVEN DAYS, THEN— JUST FOR YOU!

SMASH-CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W. C. 2.

MAKE YOUR POCKET-MONEY 'S·T·R·E·T·C·H' FURTHER!

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED—YOU WIN £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
You've done it again! In Ish 101 Bad Penny is shown in the "Heading" on a 1968 penny. Well, let me inform you that there is . . . and never will be such a thing. All pennies, even issued after 1967, will still have 1967 on them. This is due to the decimal change-over.

Frank Somers,
Putney, London, S.W.15.

Fact is, Frank, that Penny insisted in being ahead of the times, rather than behind. So, treasure your copies of SMASH from Ish 101, frantic ones . . . they contain the only 1968 pennies!!!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I never fail in getting my SMASH, that was until January 27th. That dreadful day I got out of bed, washed myself and got ready for school. I went into the newsagent and asked for a copy of SMASH. To my horror he told me that they'd sold out. The rest of the week just dragged by, because I had no SMASH.

John Rogers,
Sunderland, Co. Durham.

Just shows you, John, that to be sure of your copy of SMASH every week, place an ORDER with your newsagent. All anyone has to do is fill in the coupon on the right of the page and hand it to him.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I was walking past the nearest SMASH shop feeling pretty miserable as I'd lost my SMASH money, when I saw two funny little green men flicking through our beloved comic. Pressing closer (heroic, I thought) I saw them looking miserably at the Daredevil pages, and when they came out I heard one say, "When that bloke loses, then NOTHING will stop us taking over the world!" So, you'd better keep Daredevil winning, or else!

Dominic Brennan,
Chelmsford, Essex.

Can you really imagine Daredevil LOSING???! Y'know what?—those two men you saw were probably just GREEN with ENVY!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Couldn't you please print SMASH with luminous paint? The reason I ask is because my Mum is always catching me reading it after "lights out." I'm writing this letter by torchlight just in case. Oh, must go now, 'cos Mum's coming up. SMASH IS GREAT! Over and out.

Donald Bird,
Sheffield 10.

'Fraid we're right out of luminous paint, Don—but Merry Margaret's just popped in and suggested cutting SMASH down to six pages. Well, that WOULD make it LIGHTER, wouldn't it?

Alf and Cos.

THE EASY WAY TO BE SURE OF A COPY OF SMASH EVERY WEEK, IS TO HAND IN THIS SLIP OF PAPER TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

My name is .....

My address is .....

.....

PLEASE *RESERVE/DELIVER ME A COPY OF SMASH EVERY WEEK.
***Cross out 'RESERVE' if you want it delivered.**

Dear Alf and Cos,
It's been a long time since I wrote to you last. In fact, this is the first letter I have written to you all year. I've sent you two funnies, some things for Mister Knowall and a new coupon. Well, now all that's over . . . on to some serious stuff. SCRAP DAREDEVIL! He just ruins SMASH. Brian's Brain is a million times better, so give him Daredevil's pages.

Derek Cameron,
Yorkshire.

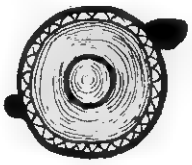
Sorry we couldn't print everything you sent us, Derek. But readers can try their luck with your IDIOT TEST—if they dare!

Alf and Cos.

P.S.: We're not telling you OUR score!

IDIOT TEST!

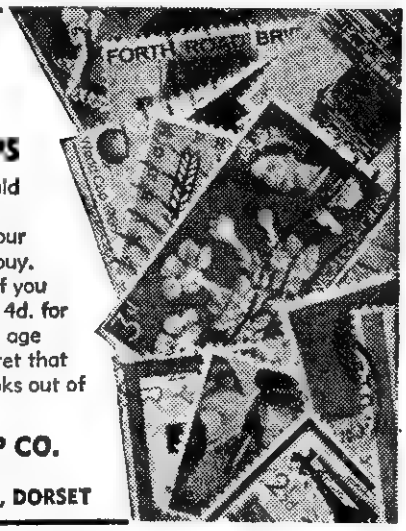
ARE YOU A 75% IDIOT? ANSWER THE QUESTIONS BELOW, AND ADD UP YOUR 'IDIOT SCORE' AT THE END! (COVER UP THE ANSWERS FIRST—CHEAT!)

① WRITE, IDIOT, ON THE DOTTED LINE BELOW.	① IF YOU'VE PUT IDIOT YOU'RE A 25% IDIOT. IT SAID *write*, IDIOT! (25% IDIOT!)
② HERE'S A DIAGRAM OF A FROG DEAD IN THE CENTRE OF TWO WALLS. HOW MANY LEAPS WOULD IT HAVE TO TAKE TO GET OUT?	② NONE! IF IT'S DEAD IN THE CENTRE! (50% IDIOT!)
③ WHAT'S THIS? → 	③ A MEXICAN WALKING. (75% IDIOT!)

WE JUST KNOW NONE OF YOU ARE 100% IDIOTS, SO WE DIDN'T BOTHER TO SET YOU THE 100% IDIOT QUESTION! RIGHT? RIGHT!

FREE 20 DIFFERENT GREAT BRITAIN COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

given to new customers who would like to see our approval books. These contain stamps sent for your inspection from which you may buy. You may buy this offer for 3/- if you do not want the approvals. Send 4d. for postage, and if you are of school age please tell your parents. We regret that we cannot send our approval books out of Europe.



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Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:

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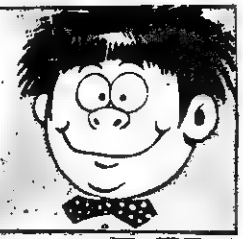
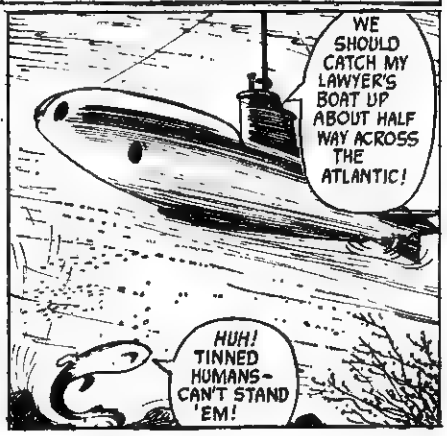
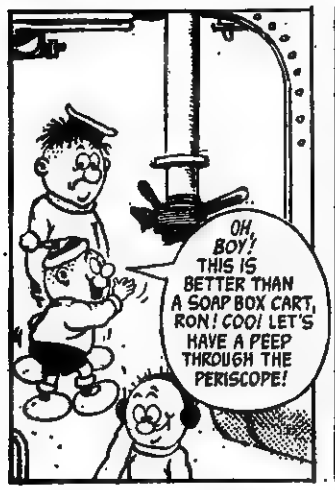
JET STAMPS (Dept. A52), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP

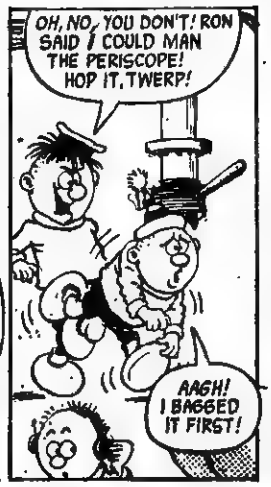
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

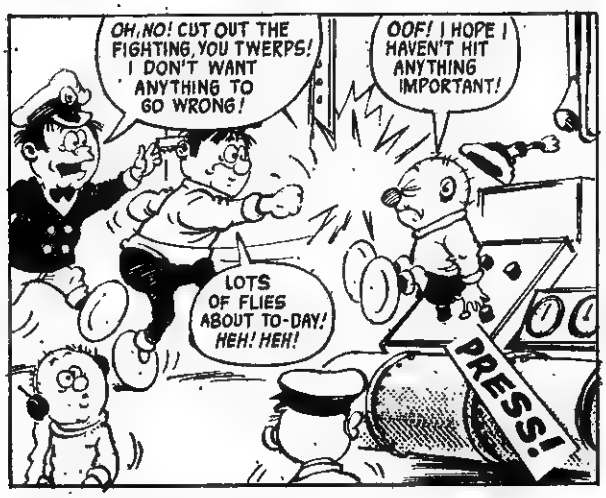
RONNIE RICH

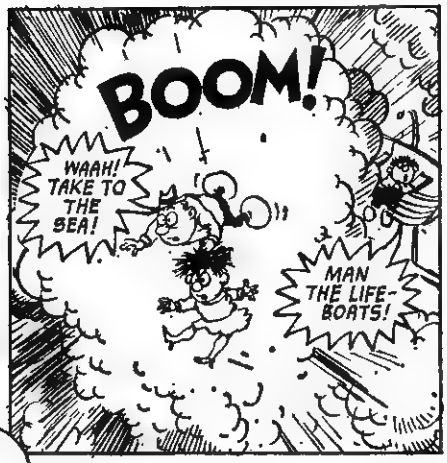






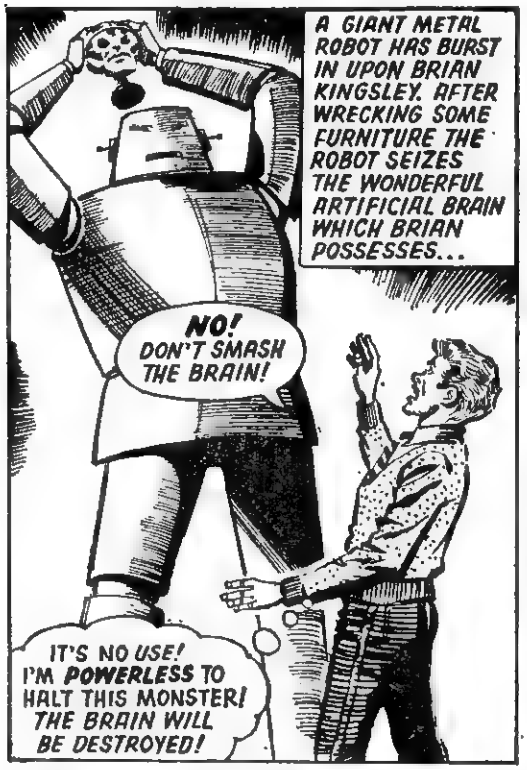


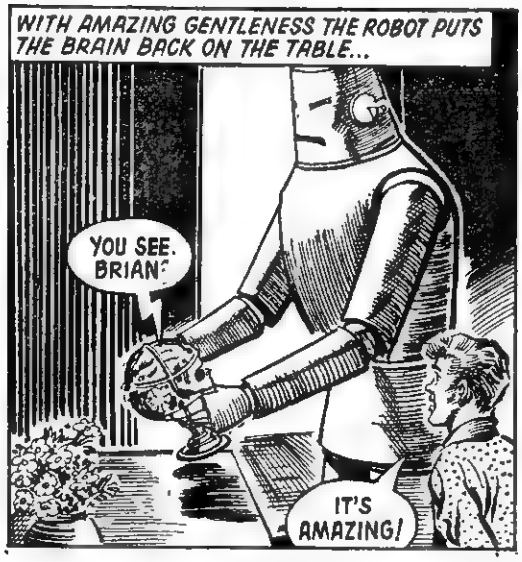


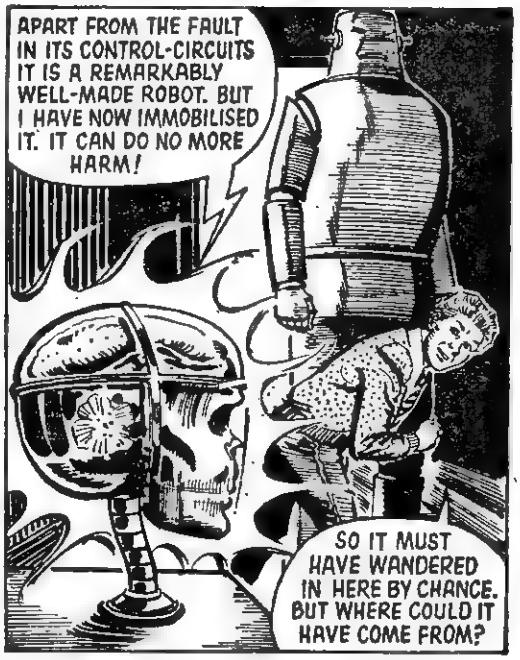


THIS IS IT! THE PAGE WITH...

Brian's Brain



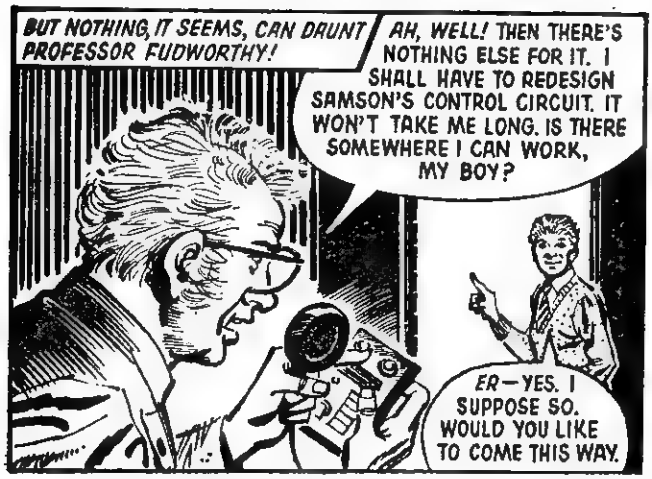




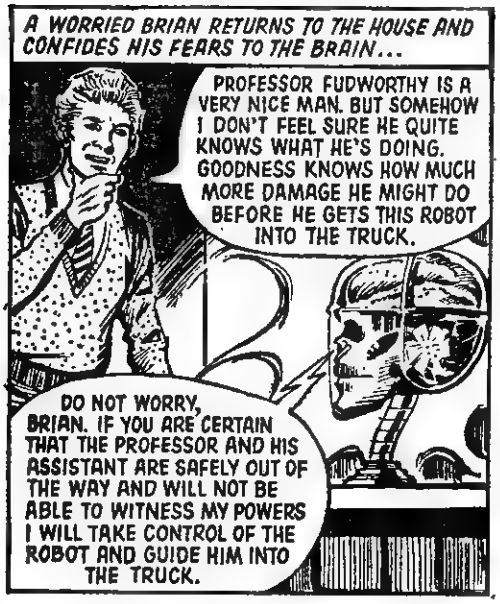
THE PROFESSOR AND DR MARAX HURRY INTO THE HOUSE AND INTRODUCE THEMSELVES TO BRIAN...
WHY, BLESS MY SOUL! WHAT A NAUGHTY BOY SAMSON HAS BEEN! ALL THIS DAMAGE! BUT I'LL PAY FOR IT ALL TO BE PUT RIGHT, OF COURSE!
AND NOW WE MUST TAKE SAMSON BACK HOME. I'LL ORDER HIM INTO THE TRUCK.

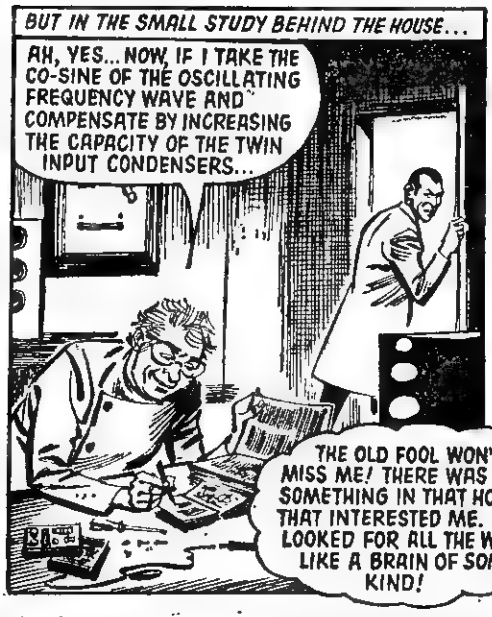
THE PROFESSOR SPEAKS INTO THE CONTROL BOX, BUT THE ROBOT REMAINS LIKE A STATUE...
START WALKING, SAMSON. THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW. DO AS I SAY!
IT'S NO USE, PROFESSOR. HE HASN'T BEEN WORKING PROPERLY ALL ALONG—AND NOW HE ISN'T GOING TO MOVE AT ALL!

NEVER MIND, WE'LL CARRY HIM INTO THE TRUCK. ALL TOGETHER —LIFT!
OOOH! THAT ISN'T GOING TO WORK EITHER, PROFESSOR!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! IT WOULD TAKE A CRANE TO LIFT THIS HUNK OF IRON!

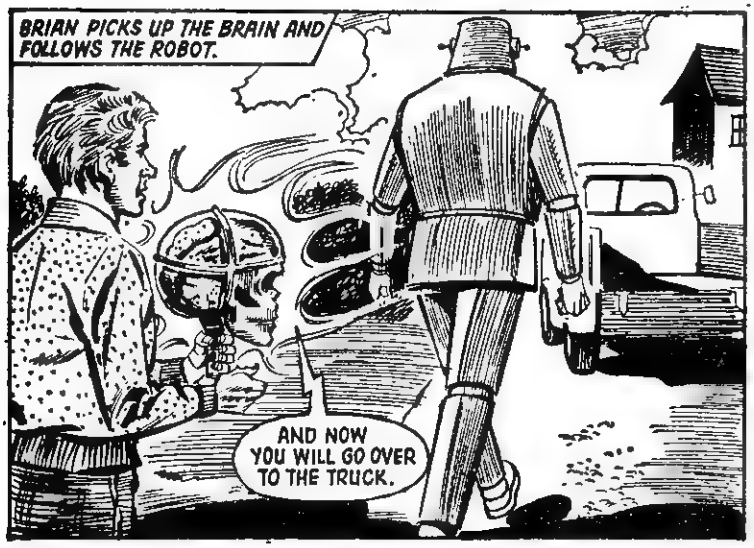

BUT NOTHING, IT SEEMS, CAN DAUNT PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY!
AH, WELL! THEN THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR IT. I SHALL HAVE TO REDESIGN SAMSON'S CONTROL CIRCUIT. IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG. IS THERE SOMEWHERE I CAN WORK, MY BOY?
ER—YES. I SUPPOSE SO. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME THIS WAY.

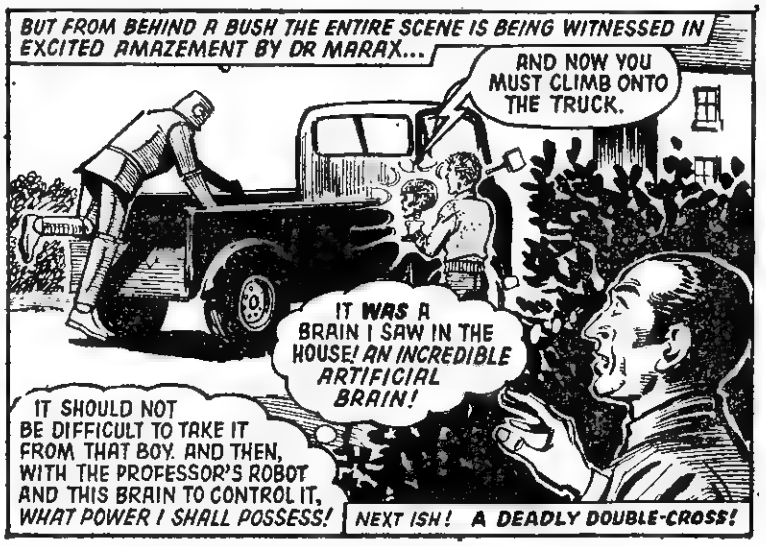
BRIAN LEADS THEM TO A SMALL BUILDING BEHIND THE HOUSE...
EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! I'LL HAVE A NEW IMPULSE-SELECTOR-CIRCUIT WORKED OUT IN NO TIME AT ALL! THEN YOU'LL SEE WHAT SAMSON CAN DO!
MY FATHER USES THIS AS A SMALL STUDY AND WORKSHOP. I'M SURE HE WON'T MIND YOU BORROWING IT.


A WORRIED BRIAN RETURNS TO THE HOUSE AND CONFIDES HIS FEARS TO THE BRAIN...
PROFESSOR FUDWORTHY IS A VERY NICE MAN. BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL SURE HE QUITE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. GOODNESS KNOWS HOW MUCH MORE DAMAGE HE MIGHT DO BEFORE HE GETS THIS ROBOT INTO THE TRUCK.
DO NOT WORRY, BRIAN. IF YOU ARE CERTAIN THAT THE PROFESSOR AND HIS ASSISTANT ARE SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY AND WILL NOT BE ABLE TO WITNESS MY POWERS I WILL TAKE CONTROL OF THE ROBOT AND GUIDE HIM INTO THE TRUCK.


BUT IN THE SMALL STUDY BEHIND THE HOUSE...
AH, YES... NOW, IF I TAKE THE CO-SINE OF THE OSCILLATING FREQUENCY WAVE AND COMPENSATE BY INCREASING THE CAPACITY OF THE TWIN INPUT CONDENSERS...
THE OLD FOOL WON'T MISS ME! THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THAT HOUSE THAT INTERESTED ME. IT LOOKED FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A BRAIN OF SOME KIND!

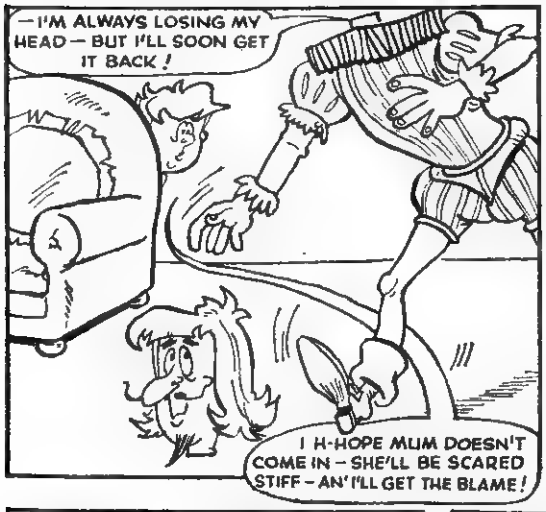
TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE ROBOT IS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR THE BRAIN...
THESE ARE YOUR ORDERS, ROBOT. YOU WILL WALK TO THE DOOR AND OUT OF THE HOUSE...
GOOD OLD BRAIN! THE ROBOT IS DOING EXACTLY AS YOU SAY!

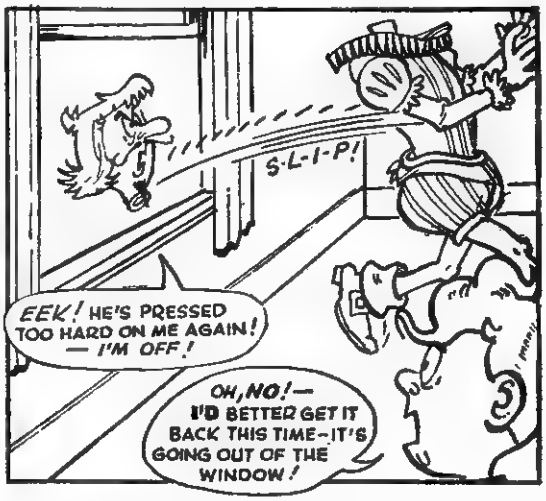

BRIAN PICKS UP THE BRAIN AND FOLLOWS THE ROBOT.
AND NOW YOU WILL GO OVER TO THE TRUCK.

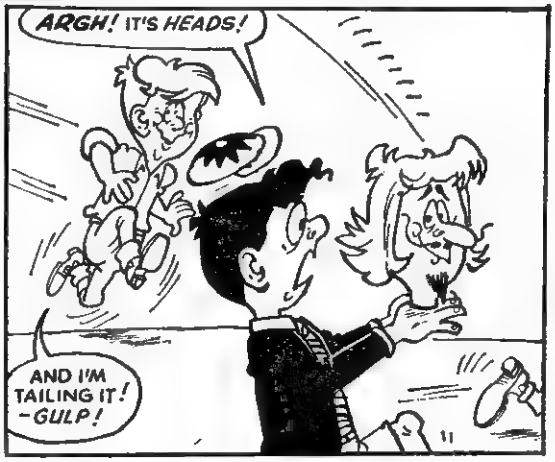

BUT FROM BEHIND A BUSH THE ENTIRE SCENE IS BEING WITNESSED IN EXCITED AMAZEMENT BY DR MARAX...
AND NOW YOU MUST CLIMB ONTO THE TRUCK.
IT WAS A BRAIN I SAW IN THE HOUSE! AN INCREDIBLE ARTIFICIAL BRAIN!
IT SHOULD NOT BE DIFFICULT TO TAKE IT FROM THAT BOY. AND THEN, WITH THE PROFESSOR'S ROBOT AND THIS BRAIN TO CONTROL IT, WHAT POWER I SHALL POSSESS!
NEXT ISH! A DEADLY DOUBLE-CROSS!

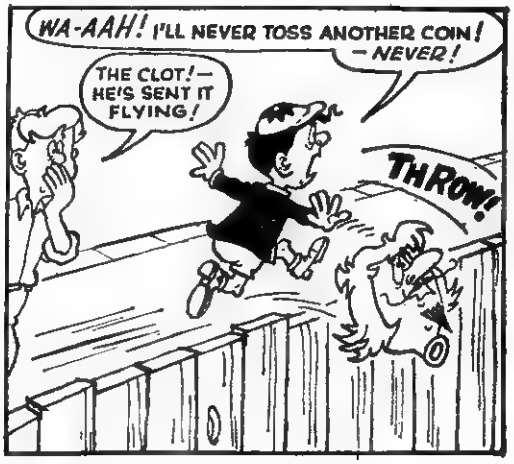
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!





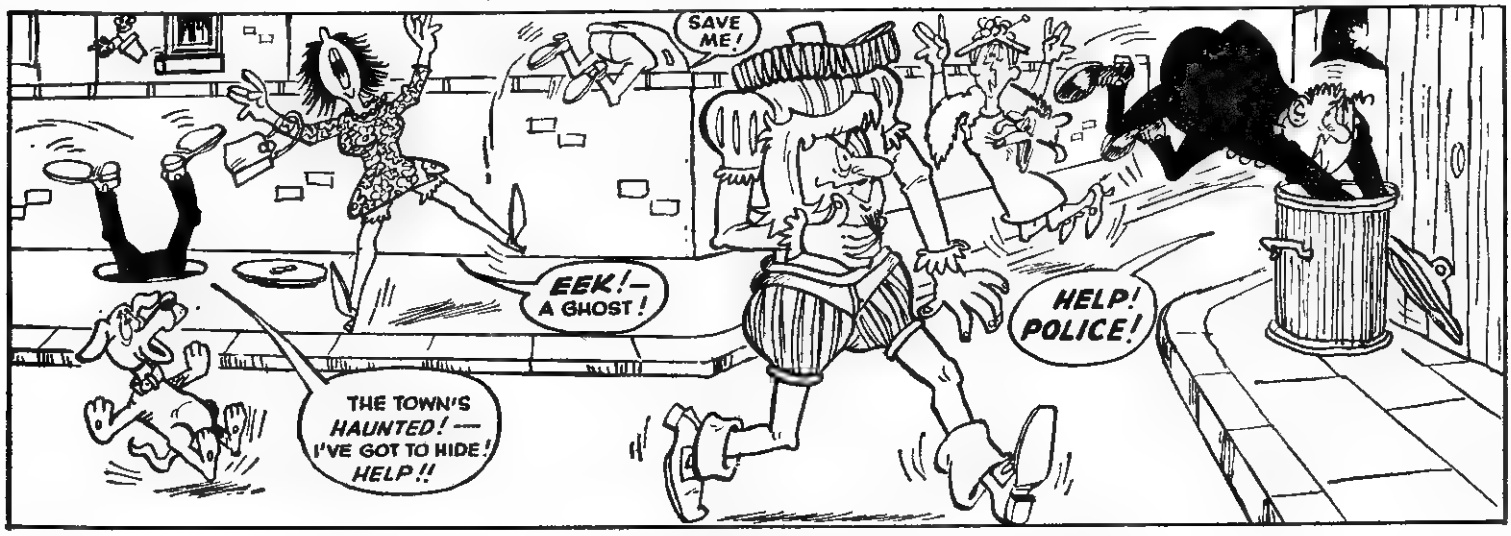




HELP! IT'S WITCHCRAFT! SAVE ME!
IDIOT! I'VE ONLY GOT ONE HEAD!

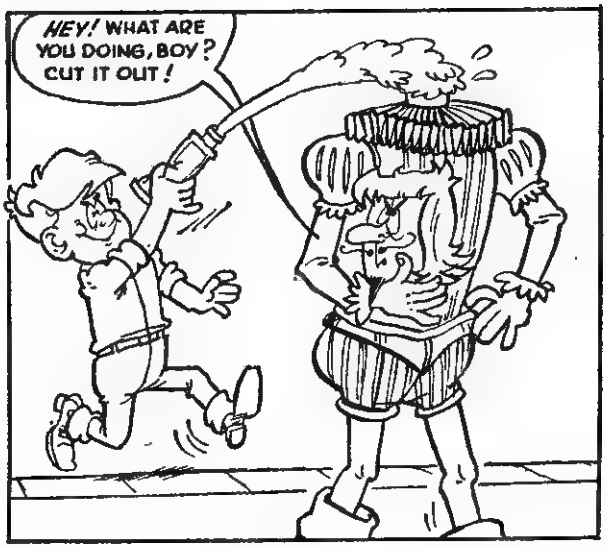
NOW BEHAVE YOURSELF! WE'RE HEADING BACK HOME!
O.K.—O.K.! KEEP YOUR HEAD!

THANK YOU, BOY! I'LL HAVE IT BACK NOW!
OH, NO! WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY AT HOME?—
SNATCH!
—YOU'LL SCARE THE WHOLE TOWN!


SAVE ME!
EEK!— A GHOST!
HELP! POLICE!
THE TOWN'S HAUNTED! — I'VE GOT TO HIDE! HELP!!

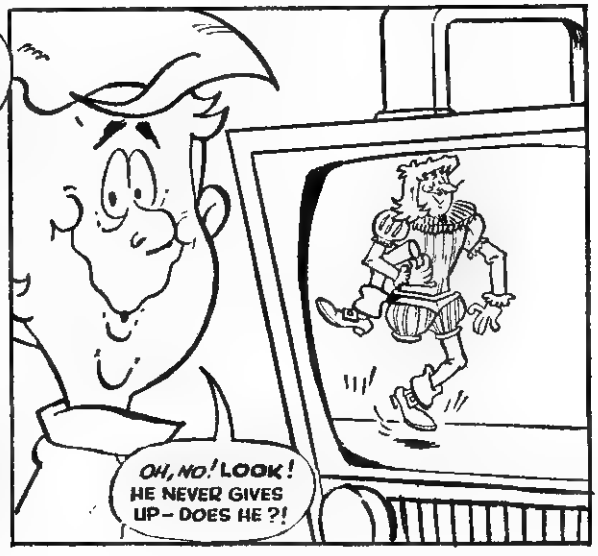
HEY! PUT YOUR HEAD ON YOUR NECK! YOU'LL SCARE THE WHOLE TOWN SILLY!
NEVER! THIS WAY I WON'T GET A STIFF NECK!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!
GLUE


HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOY? CUT IT OUT!

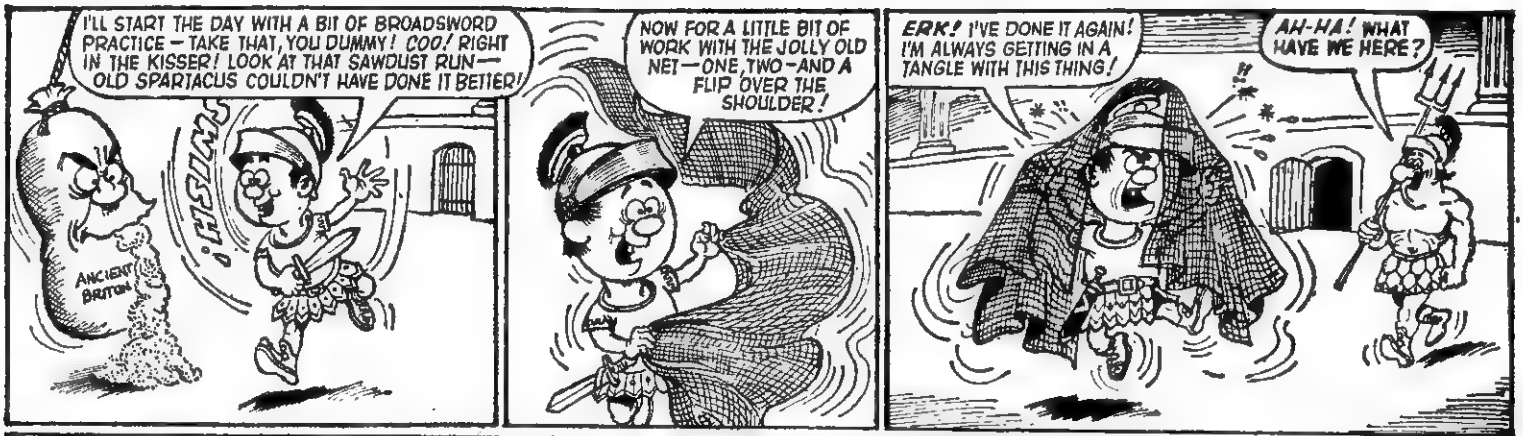
HEH! HEH! — YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD AGAIN IN A HURRY—
—THIS GLUE SETS HARD IN TEN SECONDS!

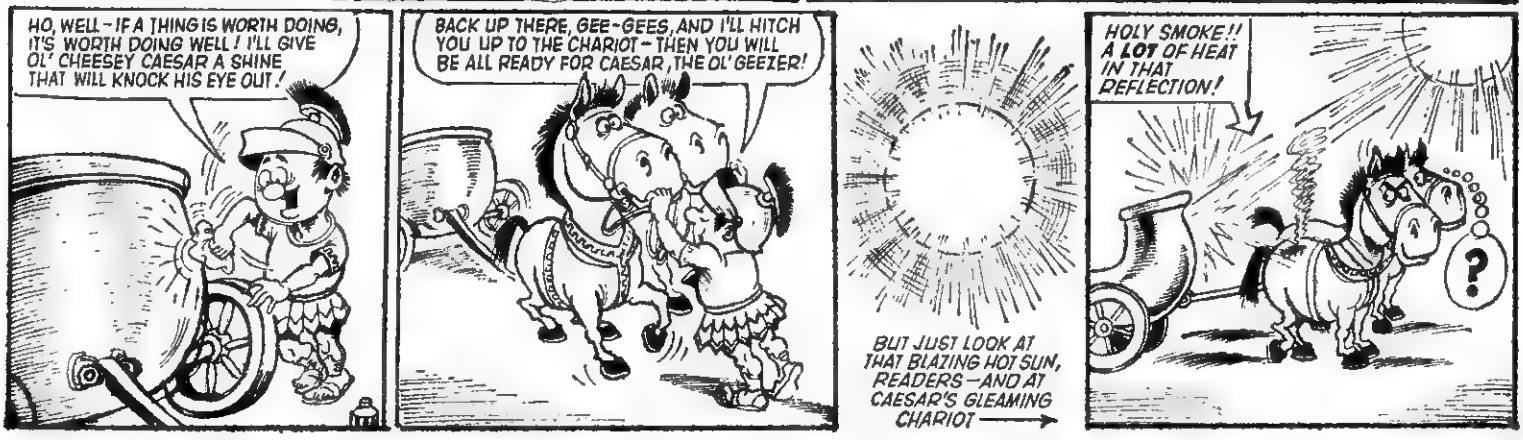
BOO-HOO! I WON'T SCARE ANYBODY NOW! I'LL BE KICKED OUT OF THE GHOSTS' UNION!
ROTTEN SNOB! LOOK—HE'S ALL STUCK UP!

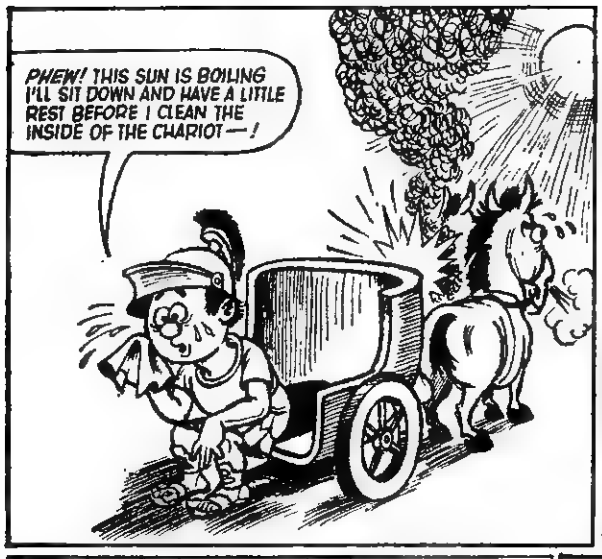

OH, NO! LOOK! HE NEVER GIVES UP—DOES HE?!

AND NOW ... POWER PROUDLY PRESENTS

MINI-MAXIE ... the riot of the arena ...

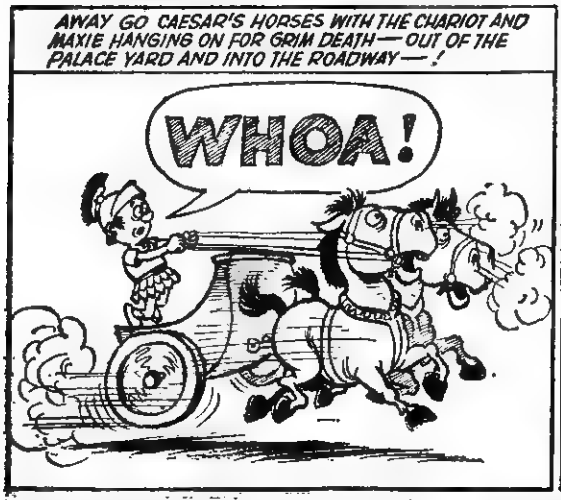


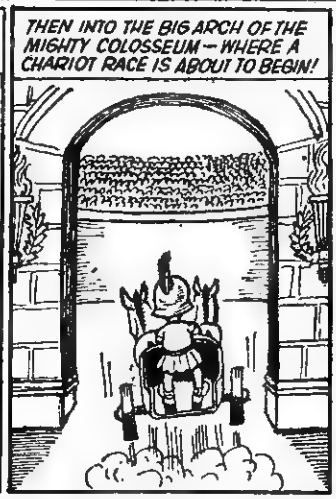



PHEW! THIS SUN IS BOILING I'LL SIT DOWN AND HAVE A LITTLE REST BEFORE I CLEAN THE INSIDE OF THE CHARIOT—!

EEK!
NEIGHARGH! (AARGH!! IN HORSE LANGUAGE!)

COR! THAT WAS A BIT OF LUCK! I I MANAGED TO GRAB THE REINS ON THE WAY DOWN!


AWAY GO CAESAR'S HORSES WITH THE CHARIOT AND MAXIE HANGING ON FOR GRIM DEATH—OUT OF THE PALACE YARD AND INTO THE ROADWAY—!
WHOA!


THEN INTO THE BIG ARCH OF THE MIGHTY COLOSSEUM—WHERE A CHARIOT RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

LAST ONE PAST THE POST IS A CISSY—!
IT WON'T BE ME! I DON'T WANT TO INCUR OL' CAESAR'S DISPLEASURE!
NOR ME! OLD CAESAR DOESN'T LIKE LOSERS!

MOVE OVER! MOVE OVER! I CAN'T STOP THE HORSES—!
MAXIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND IN CAESAR'S CHARIOT, TOO—HE'LL BOIL YOU IN OIL!

LOOK, THERE'S YOUNG MAXIMILIAN! WHAT'S THAT LITTLE TWIT DOING OUT THERE? AND IN MY CHARIOT! IF HE DAMAGES THAT GOLD PLATING I'LL BOIL HIM IN OIL!

CAESAR'S HORSES, STILL SMARTING FROM SCORCHED TAILS, RACE PAST THE REST OF THE CHARIOTS AND WIN THE RACE!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'VE DONE IT—BUT I'VE WON!

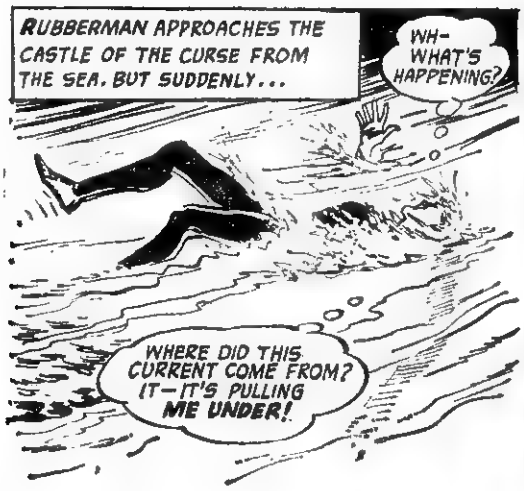
HAIL, MIGHTY CAESAR! WHAT REWARD DO YOU BESTOW ON ME FOR WINNING THE CHARIOT RACE?
DRAW NEARER, LITTLE MAXIE—AND AND RECEIVE CAESAR'S CONGRATULATIONS FOR WINNING THE CHARIOT RACE...
CHEER!
BRAVO!

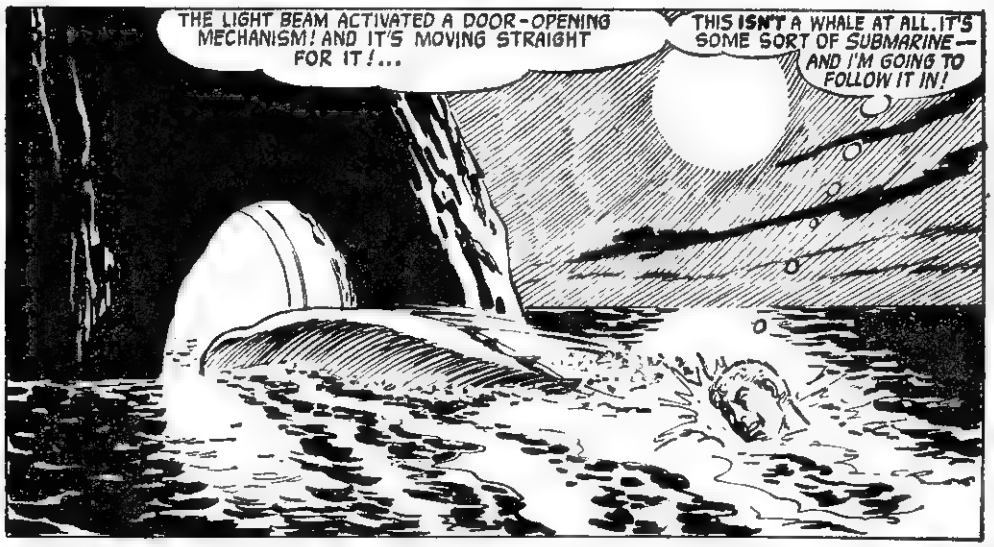
AND A RIGHT BELTING BASH ON THE NUT FOR RUNNING MY HORSES RAGGED AND GETTING DUST ALL OVER MY NICE CLEAN CHARIOT!
GONK!
AND WHEN I'VE FINISHED WITH THOSE CHARIOTEERS FOR BEING BEATEN BY A SLIP OF A LAD THEY'LL WANT A WORD WITH YOU AS WELL!

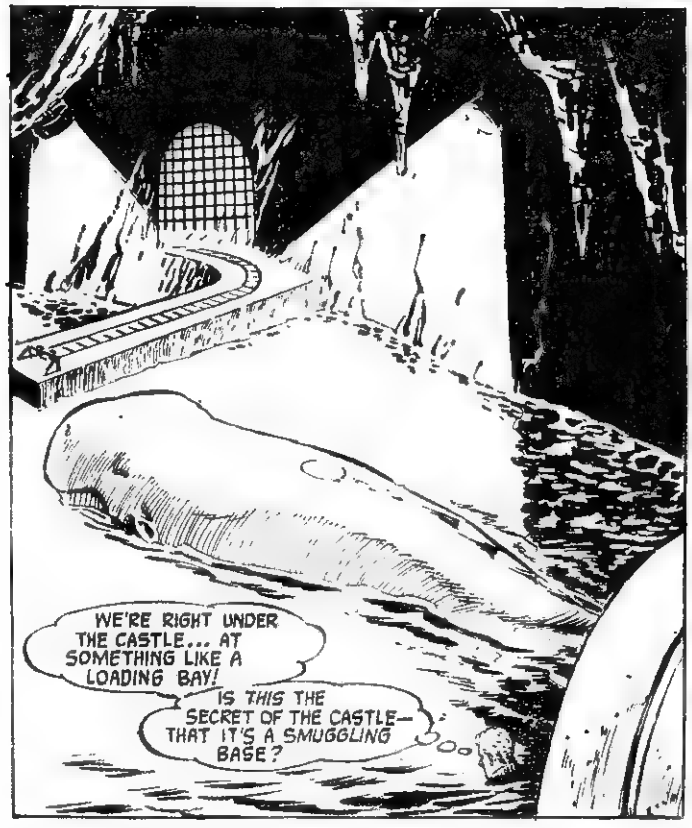
YEAH! WE CERTAINLY DO! AND THE WORD IS—GIDDYAP!
WE'LL TEACH YOU TO GET US IN CAESAR'S BAD BOOKS!
GREAT CAESAR'S BED SOCKS! EVEN WHEN YOU WIN YOU'RE A LOSER IN ROTTEN OL' ROME AOUCH!
CRACK!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IS THE **CASTLE OF THE CURSE** HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF A LONG-DEAD MUSICIAN? THAT'S THE JOB OF RUBBERMAN AND HIS NEW PRIVATE-EYE PARTNER, SAM HUTT—**TO FIND OUT**! BUT THE GHOST APPEARS AND HIS MUSIC BLASTS THE TWO INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. THEN, RUBBERMAN RECOVERS TO FIND SAM GONE!

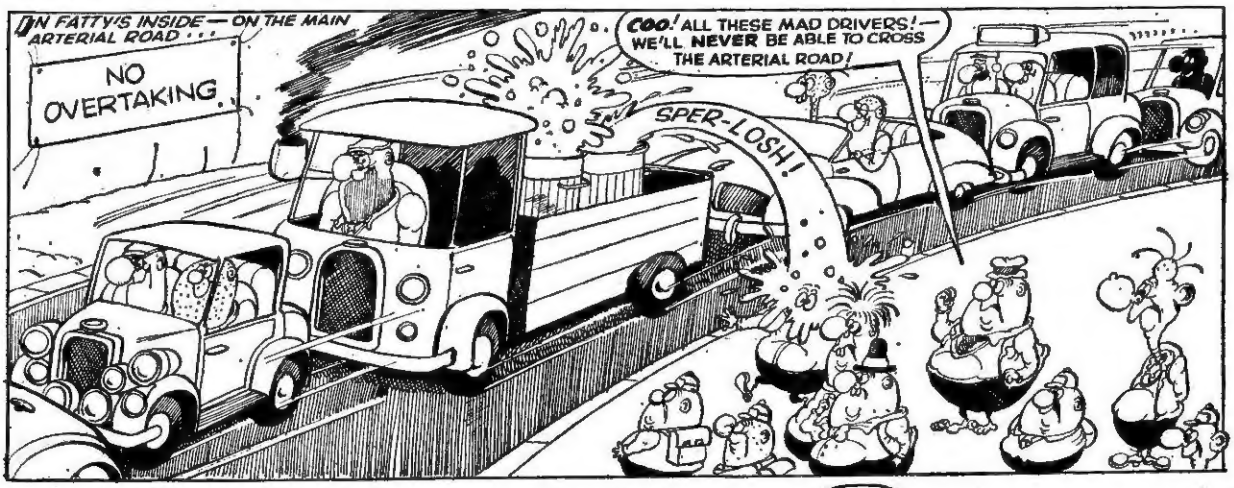


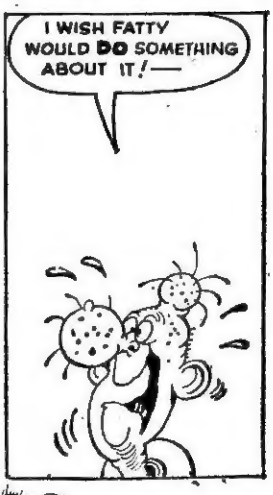




THEN...
SAM! THERE'S SAM!
—HE'S ONE OF THOSE PRISONERS ON THE TRUCK!
WHIPS CRACK, SNEERING VOICES RAISE IN HARSH COMMAND...
YES, EXCELLENCY! WE HAVE MADE A FINE HAUL. I REALLY THINK ENOUGH TO COMPLETE OUR WORK!
THE PRISONERS ARE STARTING TO UNLOAD NOW!
THOSE HELMETED MEN ARE NOT CARRYING GUNS. WHAT MAKES SAM AND THE OTHERS TAKE ORDERS FROM THEM? THERE MUST BE SOME REASON!
THE ANSWER COMES A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HURRY IT UP—UNLESS YOU WANT TO FEEL THIS WHIP ACROSS YOUR BACKS!
I'M NOT TAKING THIS ANY MORE! NO! NO!
CRASH!
FOR A WHOLE MONTH YOU'VE HAD ME WORKING LIKE A PACK-MULE! BUT NOT ANY MORE!
ALARM! ALARM!
THUD!
FROM TINY GRIDS, A HIDEOUS NOISE ENSUES...
AAAHHH!
NO! NOT THAT!
OOHHHH!
EEEEEEE
IT'S THE MUSIC—WE HEARD BEFORE! IT'S—HAMMERING RIGHT THROUGH—MY BRAIN!
AAAAHHH! NO MORE, PLEASE! NO—AAAHHHH!
STILL FEEL LIKE MUTINYING, YOU POOR FOOLS?
EEEEEEEEE
THAT'S ENOUGH! I THINK THEY'VE GOT THE POINT—THEY'LL BEHAVE!
THANK HEAVEN!—IT—IT'S STOPPED!
NOW GET ON WITH YOUR WORK! ANY MORE TROUBLE AND YOU'LL GET A DOUBLE DOSE!
NOW I SEE WHY THOSE GUARDS DON'T NEED GUNS. THEY CAN CALL ON SONIC SOUND SUPPORT ANY TIME THEY WANT TO—AND THE HELMETS THEY'RE WEARING MUST PROTECT THEM FROM IT!
I WILL REPORT TO THE COMMANDER! KEEP THEM WORKING—WE WANT THAT STUFF IN THE FOUNDRIES WITHIN THE HOUR!
I MUST HELP SAM AND THE OTHERS—I MUST!
IF I'M TO DO ANYTHING AT ALL, I'LL FIRST HAVE TO FIND OUT THE SOURCE OF THAT SONIC TORTURE—AND STOP IT!
BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THAT IS GOING TO PROVE EASIER SAID THAN DONE!
YOU WANT THRILLS—
YOU WANT RUBBERMAN—
YOU WANT SMASH!—
NEXT WEEK!

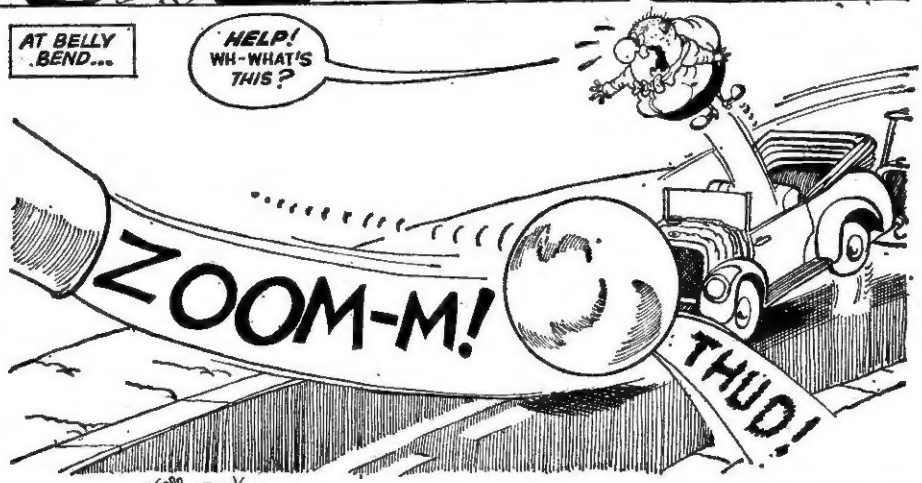
THE NERVS

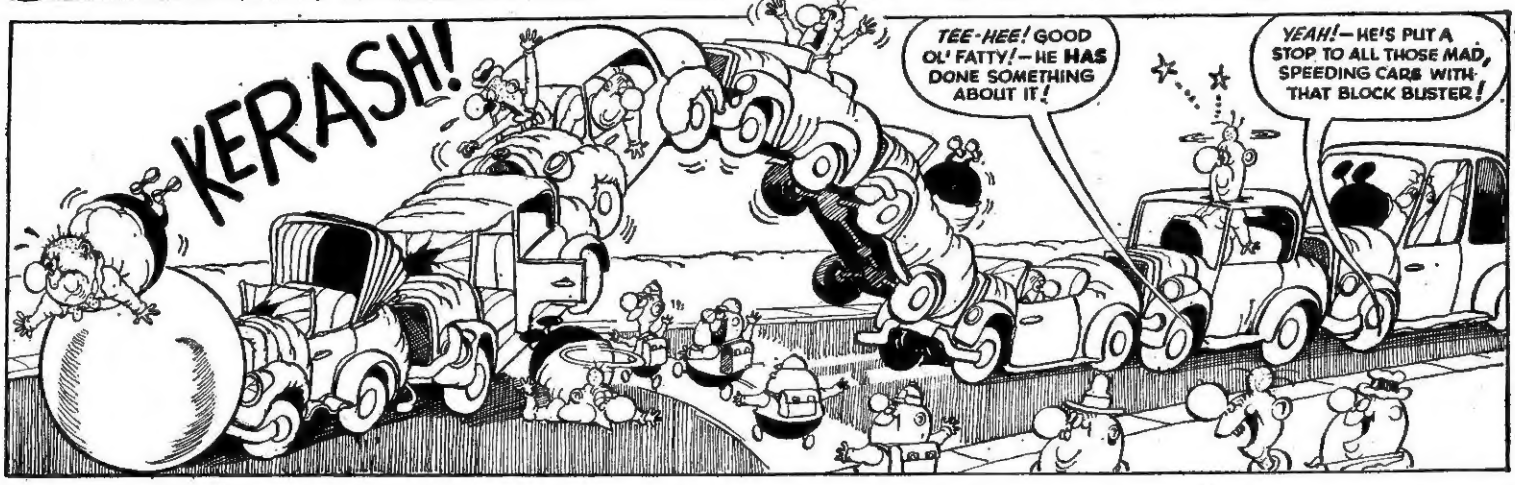

IN FATTY'S INSIDE — ON THE MAIN ARTERIAL ROAD . . .
NO OVERTAKING
COO! ALL THESE MAD DRIVERS! — WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CROSS THE ARTERIAL ROAD!
SPER-LOSH!


I WISH FATTY WOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! —

AND TALKING ABOUT FATTY . . .
I'VE JUST BOUGHT SOME GOB-STOPPERS, THEY LOOK SMASHING — LET'S TRY ONE! SLURP!

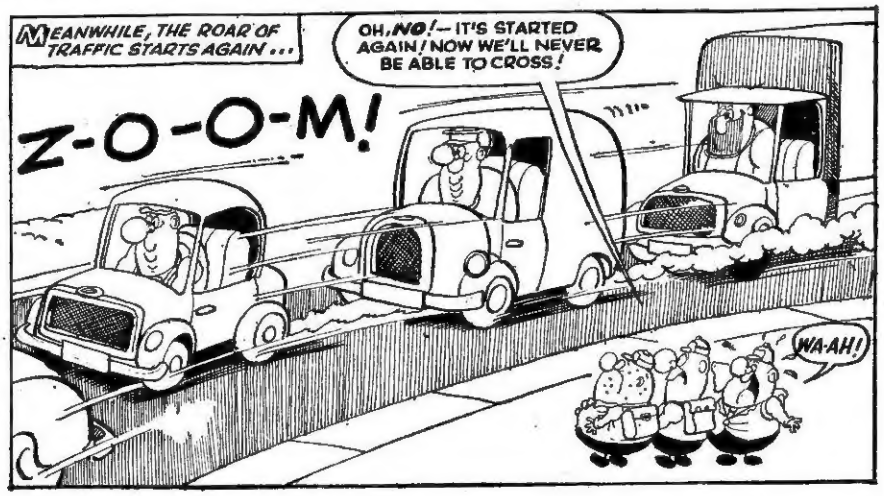
GULP! — CHOKE! — ERK!! I SWALLOWED IT WHOLE!

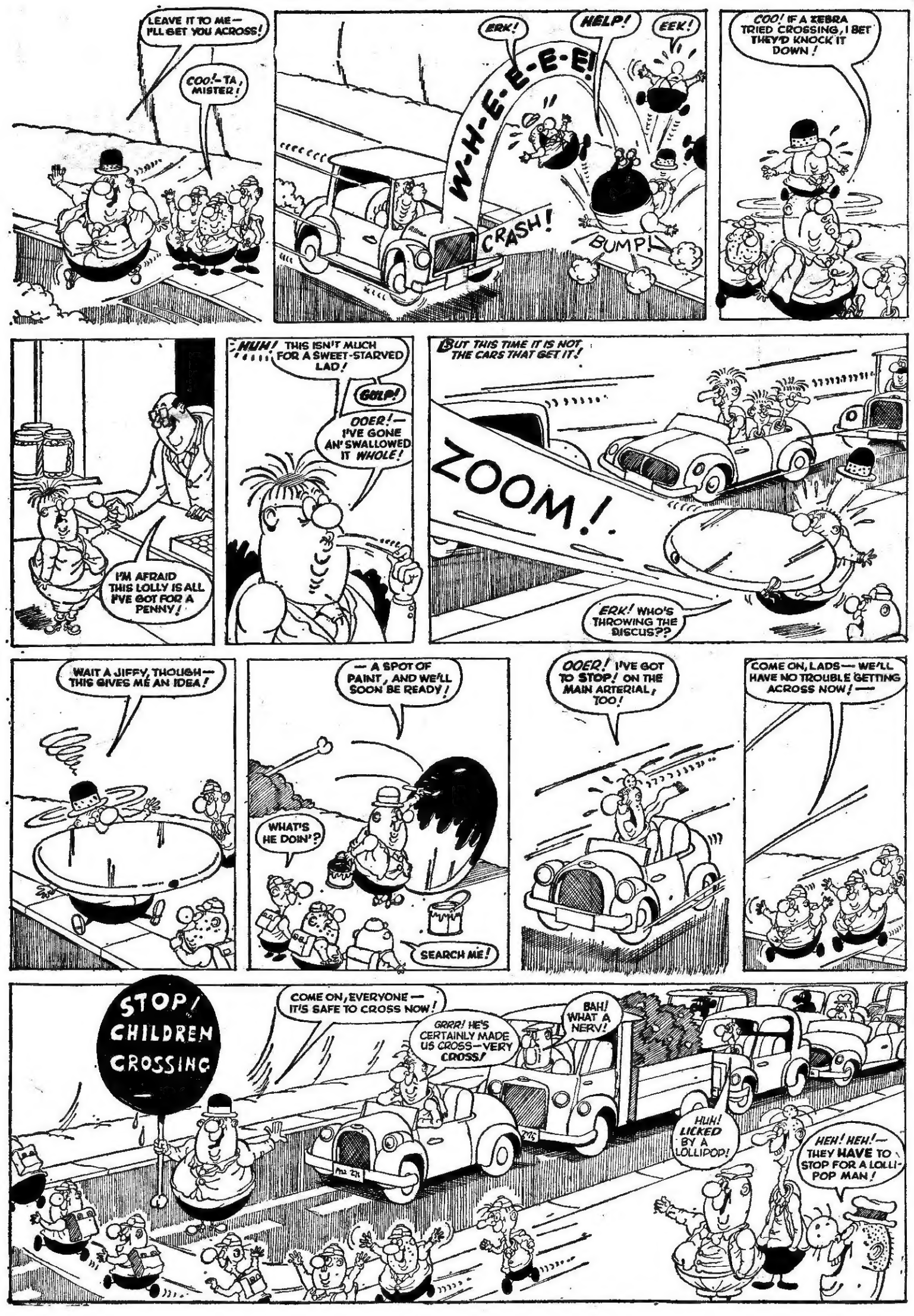

AT BELLY BEND...
HELP! WH-WHAT'S THIS?
ZOOM-M!
THUD!


KERASH!
TEE-HEE! GOOD OL' FATTY! — HE HAS DONE SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
YEAH! — HE'S PUT A STOP TO ALL THOSE MAD, SPEEDING CARS WITH THAT BLOCK BUSTER!

GOSH! — I STILL FEEL HUNGRY FOR SOME SWEETS . . .

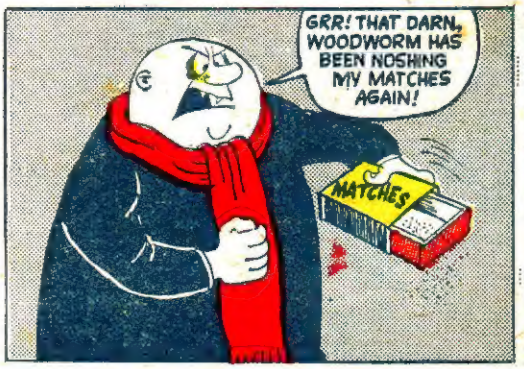
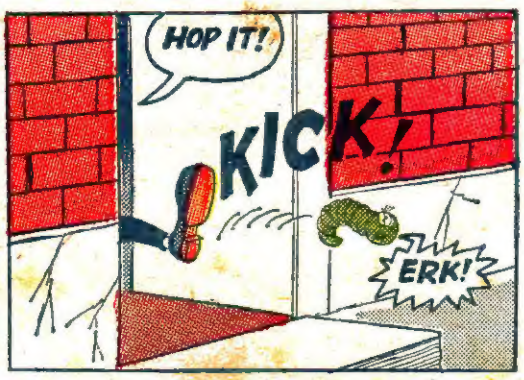
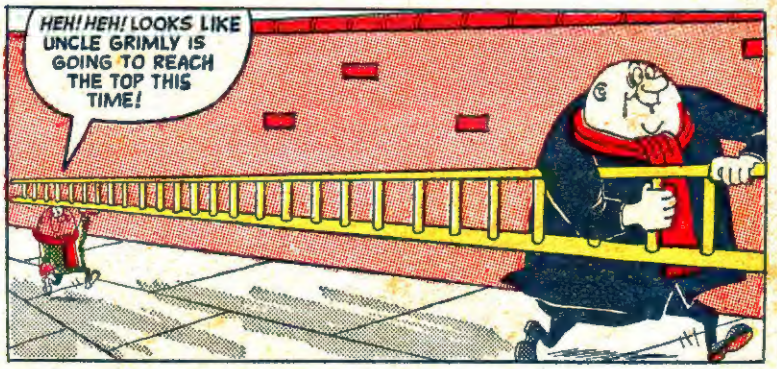
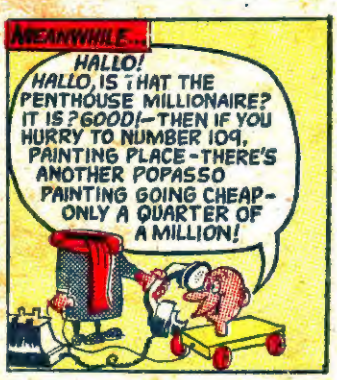
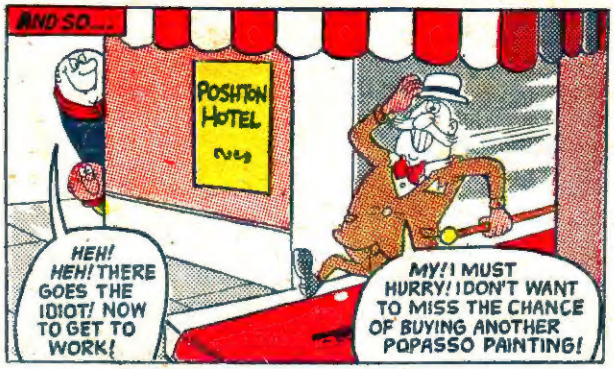
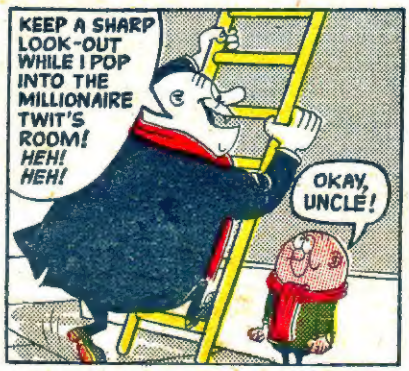
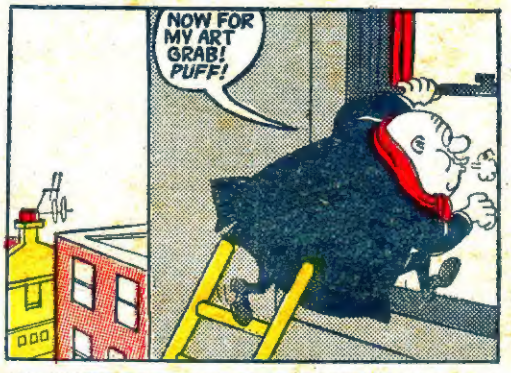
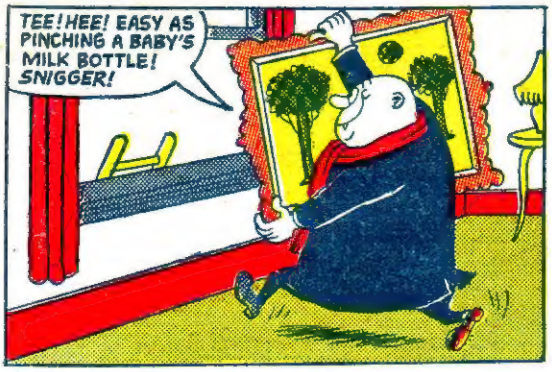
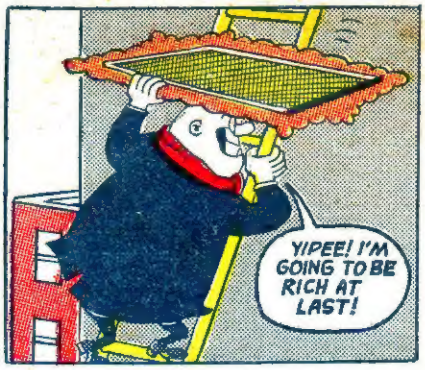
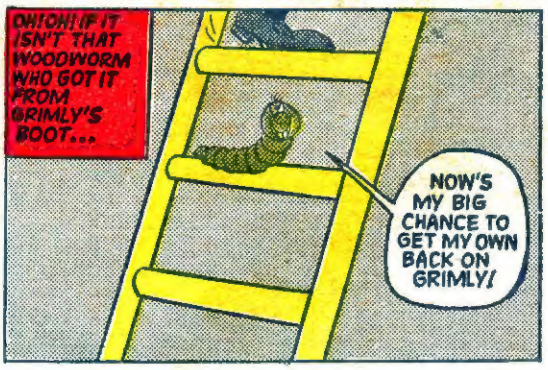
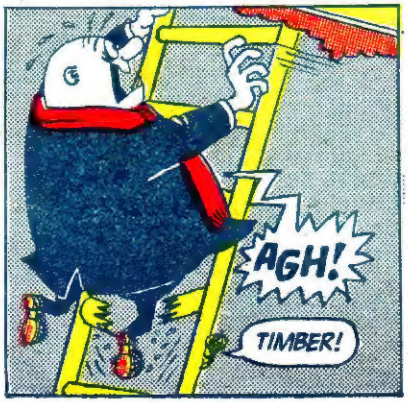
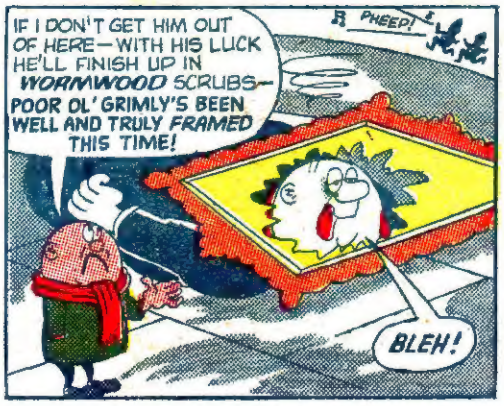
FAT LOT OF SWEETS YOU CAN BUY FOR A PENNY, THOUGH!


MEANWHILE, THE ROAR OF TRAFFIC STARTS AGAIN . . .
OH, NO! — IT'S STARTED AGAIN! NOW WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CROSS!
Z-O-O-M!
WA-AH!


LEAVE IT TO ME— I'LL GET YOU ACROSS!
COO!—TA, MISTER!
ERK!
HELP!
EEK!
W-H-E-E-E-E!
CRASH!
BUMP!
COO! IF A ZEBRA TRIED CROSSING, I BET THEY'D KNOCK IT DOWN!
I'M AFRAID THIS LOLLY IS ALL I'VE GOT FOR A PENNY!
HUH! THIS ISN'T MUCH FOR A SWEET-STARVED LAD!
GULP!
OOER!— I'VE GONE AN' SWALLOWED IT WHOLE!
BUT THIS TIME IT IS NOT THE CARS THAT GET IT!
ZOOM!
ERK! WHO'S THROWING THE DISCUS??
WAIT A JIFFY, THOUGH— THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!
— A SPOT OF PAINT, AND WE'LL SOON BE READY!
WHAT'S HE DOIN'?
SEARCH ME!
OOER! I'VE GOT TO STOP! ON THE MAIN ARTERIAL, TOO!
COME ON, LADS— WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING ACROSS NOW!—
STOP! CHILDREN CROSSING
COME ON, EVERYONE— IT'S SAFE TO CROSS NOW!
GRRR! HE'S CERTAINLY MADE US CROSS—VERY CROSS!
BAH! WHAT A NERV!
HUH! LICKED BY A LOLLIPOP!
HEH! HEH!— THEY HAVE TO STOP FOR A LOLLI-POP MAN!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!